

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1836.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Meeting announced for TUESDAY next, the 30th inst., at the Crystal Palace, will be that of a General Committee now forming to concert preliminary measures for the preservation of the Building, and the attendance of all gentlemen disposed to act on that Committee, and favourable to its objects, is requested. The Meeting is convened for Twelve o'clock precisely.

JOHN ROBERT WARREN, } Hon.
JOHN M. DEERE, } Secs.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

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Natural Philosophy	John Tyndall, Ph.D., Foreign Member of the Physical Society, Berlin.
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Yard.—The First Lecture for the Season of 1852 will be delivered on WEDNESDAY the 31st MARCH. Mr. HENRY WILKINSON, "On Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles." To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Members may obtain tickets to admit one friend to each Lecture, by application to the Secretary; as well as lists of the Lectures for the season.

By order of the Council,
LEWIS H. J. TONNA, Secretary.

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The Exhibitions will take place on the Second Saturdays in May, June, and July—namely,

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All Fellows who shall apply, on or before Tuesday, the 20th of April, may obtain, at the PRIVILEGED RATE of Three Shillings and Sixpence each, any number of Tickets NOT EXCEEDING FORTY-EIGHT; but no application for such Tickets will be received after that day. Fellows of the Society subscribing for Tickets at this price will be allowed a clear week from the 20th of April, during which they may claim them. AFTER THAT PERIOD ALL THE 3s. 6d. TICKETS SUBSCRIBED FOR, BUT NOT ISSUED, MAY BE CANCELLED.

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will be published on TUESDAY, April 6th.—Contents:—

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4. RECENT EPICS.
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8. CALIFORNIA versus FREE TRADE.
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"The little foot-page leads forth the palfrey gray,

with his saddle of silver and bridle of gold; the knight grasps his sword so firmly that the blood starts from his nails; his armour flashes through the darkness; his drinking-horn is silver within and gold without; the damsel is changed, by magic, to a sword, hanging at her hero's side by day, and sleeping under his pillow by night; the dead mother in the grave hears her children cry; she comes back to earth to comfort them, and the dogs howl as she passes through the streets of the village."

The heart throbs more warmly, the blood courses in a fuller current, the eye flashes with a wilder fire or softens with a deeper tenderness in the heroes and heroines of that northern clime, and the scenery is fresh, wild, and striking as their own fiords, cliffs, forests, and moor-lands. The Arabian tales are not more full of marvel, and scarcely surpass them in fascination. Most readers will wish that Mary Howitt's skill and fine feeling for the ballad had given us more numerous specimens in that style. This may, however, have been found inconsistent with the scale of the work, and, at all events, the compliment implied in the wish is the best tribute to the translator's powers.

The earliest of these ballads are the best, and although the period which gave them birth extends from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, those of later date are much less racy of the soil, and bear traces of the influence of an imported literature. Among them we find, as in the ballads of other countries, many of the legends of classical antiquity reappearing in modern guise, as, for example, in the following popular version of the story of 'Hero and Leander,' which exists in MS. in the Royal Library of Stockholm, bearing date 1500.

"THE ROYAL CHILDREN."

"I WENT forth on a midsummer's day,
When the grass and the flowers spring;
And the king's daughter was plighting her faith
With the handsome son of a king.
"Ah, how shall I come to thee again,
For the way is hard to trace?"
"We will put a light in the lanthorn,
When thou swimmest to this place."
"It was the wicked witch woman,
She heard each word was said;
'And I'll make an end of all your love,
Ere many hours shall have fled.'
"It was the wicked witch woman,
God grant she come to no good;
She put out the light in the lanthorn,
And the king's son sank in the flood!
"The maiden clothed her in scarlet white,
Likewise in the scarlet blue;
Then up she went to the chamber high,
Where her father slept, she knew.
"And hearken now, dear father of mine,
To what I say this night;
And let me to the garden go,
To pluck the lilies white."
"And if thou wilt go to the garden,
To pluck the lilies each one,
So take thy youngest sister with thee,
That thou go not alone."
"My youngest sister, she is so small,
That little to her is known;
She plucks up the weeds and the lilies alike,
And leaves the grass alone.
"And hearken now, dear father of mine,
And hearken to me this night;
May I go down to the wild sea-shore,
To pluck the lilies white?"
"If thou wilt go to the wild sea-shore,
To pluck the lilies each one,
Then take with thee thy youngest brother,
That thou go not alone."
"My youngest brother, he is so little,
He nothing can understand;
He will shoot at all the little birds
That come to the wild sea-strand."
"The maiden clothed her in scarlet white,
Likewise in the scarlet dun;
And down she went to the wild sea-shore,
Where a fisherman sat alone.
"And hearken to me, thou good fisherman,
And give me answer true;
Hast thou not seen a king's own son
Lying dead on the waters blue?"

"Here have I fished through the livelong night,
Here have I fished with care,
And here have I found the king's noble son,
Nor ever saw corpse so fair.
"His stockings were worked with silver,
His shoes were buckled with gold;
And, so sure as God is in heaven,
He smiled with his lips so cold."
"The maiden took the corpse in her arms,
And kissed it with lips so red,
A sorrowful sight was it to see
The two on the earth lie dead."

It is curious to see the use of the prevailing ballad machinery in the structure of this poem, and the subdued tone of the heroine's grief, in contrast with the passionate fervour of devoted womanhood in the purely national ballads. It required the genius of a Schiller to call up all the intensity of love, hope, and despair, which are proper to the story, and to bring before us the sunset smiling along the rippling ocean, followed by the weltering fury of the tempest, which subsides anon into the moaning calm, that sounds the saddest of dirges over the ruin it has left. It is not, however, in such ballads as these, but in the ballads arising out of the national traditions, that the poetical genius of the North is shown. The numerous specimens of these, both from the Danish and Swedish, which are given in the present volume, although a better selection might undoubtedly have been made, form valuable additions to those which Longfellow has brought together in his 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.'

Between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries the literary history of Scandinavia is almost a blank, and it is only in the eighteenth that it begins to become interesting in the works of Holberg, Evald, and Baggesen. We cannot resist the temptation to quote the following version of a well-known poem of Baggesen's, in which the translator has preserved the delightful truthfulness and simplicity in sentiment and language, which constitute the charm of the poem.

"WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

"A TIME there was of tender young affection,
When I in stature scarcely reach'd an ell;
Sweet tears flow ever at the recollection,
And therefore often on these times I dwell.
"Then by my loving mother was I carried,
Then strode my father's knee, a horseman bold;
Nor knew of grief, or care, or brain o'erwearied,
More than I knew of classic lore or gold.
"The earth was very small then to my dreaming,
And in it there was little to condemn;
Then I beheld the stars as pin-pricks gleaming,
And wished for wings to fly away to them.
"I saw the moon then towards the island sailing,
And thought, 'Could I now to yon isle escape,
Then should I know, without a chance of failing,
How large, how round, how beautiful its shape!' "
"Then saw I, marvelling, God's sun descending
Towards the west, to the sea's golden bed,
And yet next morning early reascending,
And gilding all heaven's eastern realm with red.
"And thought upon the gracious God the Father,
Who me created and that glorious sun,
And all those pearly splendours strung together,
And flung from pole to pole o'er all heaven's span.
"With sweet devotion spake my young lips ever,
The words which my good mother bade me pray;
'O thou great God, be all my life's endeavour
Wise to become, and good, and to obey!' "
"Then prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister and for all the town;
For the unknown king, nor yet forgot that other,
The beggar lame, who wandered up and down."

No part of these volumes is more interesting than that which is devoted to the account of Oehlenschläger and his works. He stands at the head of the poets of Denmark, as Tegnér does among those of Sweden, and indeed he is the only poet of the country in which, in these days of accumulated literature, the English are ever likely to take a hearty interest. The translated specimens from his plays are admirably executed; but, copious as they are, they might even have been extended with

advantage, although at the sacrifice of a host of the lesser names, of which just enough is given to make us contented to remain without fuller enlightenment. A catalogue *raisonnée* of the minor writers of any country is becoming every day less endurable. The attraction of our own writers of the third and fourth degree scarcely survives a month, and we are not likely to concern ourselves with the small fry of foreign literature. It is a pity Mr. and Mrs. Howitt did not keep this in view, and, devoting the bulk of their second volume to copious specimens of the best writers, dismiss all beneath that rank in the most summary terms, in place of filling pages with lists of names and books, which are about as lively and instructive as an old Directory. We regret this all the more, that the skill, especially in poetical translation, of which the specimens given afford abundant proofs, might, if properly directed, have enabled English readers to estimate for themselves genius, which now they must take, if not wholly, at least very much upon trust.

Among the many agreeable illustrations of the modern Scandinavian literature which enliven the book, none appears to us more delightful than the following account of his childhood by Geijer, the great historian of Sweden, one of the most variously gifted men of modern times:—

"GEIJER—RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

"I thank God for the best of parents. The memory of the happy spot which their gentle care has rendered sacred, lies like a sunbeam in my breast. It is a place of rest in the innermost of my being, where yet the fountain of youth seems to sound. Whatever has been quickened by the verdure of spring, soothed by the shadow of woods, invigorated by the fresh billows; the scent of fir-twigs and flowers, country air, early morning air; all these live and are present in my memory: nor has city life, Court life, books without number, nor all the accumulated dust of the highways of literature, sufficed to deaden it. It wells up out of the sand like a spring in the desert. I bear it with me, and am a youthful fool with grey hair.

"My native country, Vermland, is in one respect both fortunate and peculiar; it is, in a great measure, as it has always been, a new country. One cannot believe that it was so long since Olaf Trätälja there first put an axe to the root of the tree. He does it to this day. The country belongs to the Norrland scenery. One sees its ground-plan of water and mountain; long stretches of water and valleys, from which lesser side valleys branch off, and lose themselves within the hills and among the woods; whilst in the woods themselves lie many scattered waters, farms, cultivated estates, remote fisheries, clearings of timber, charcoal stacks and green paths, which indicate the winter roads of the peasant. In the greatest part of the country, iron first broke the land. Hammers resound by the greater and the lesser waters.

"Where I was born, there were, upon a little stream, which poured itself from a little lake in the woods into the river Klara, three iron forges, within about a mile and a half. The life there in winter was wholesome. The smelting of iron and the northern winter accord with each other. It is its beautiful season. In the middle of summer, it is a painful sight to see the sons of Vulcan blowing their huge bellows at the forge; but in winter, they and their surroundings present an image of the cheerfulness of the hardest labour. These flames, bursting amid depths of snow, which send forth waters from beneath vaults and pillars of ice; the heavy, far-resounding hammer-stroke, which, amid a landscape frozen to rest, shows that man is yet awake; muscular energy and sweat, in cold and storm; charcoal and iron-carriers, in long lines, with hoar-frost on their beards; horses sending forth warm clouds of breath from their nostrils; a stir of people and business; it is a picture to see,

a picture to live in the memory. How many a day have I seen it! have made one in the throng of magpies, sparrows, and children! How many an evening have I watched the sparks ascending from the smithy, and followed the wandering stars, until they were extinguished in the darkness of space!

"Nevertheless, I was brought up in a corner of the world. It is with a sort of secret satisfaction that I still recollect that, scarcely a mile from the abode of my parents, the road came to an end—that is, for those who merely drove in a carriage; the end of cultivated society.

"There could not be found a more hospitable habitation than that of my childhood. At Christmas a great number of young people, sometimes in a coal-sledge, drove round to the neighbouring houses. I was brought up amid dancing and music. Though indeed it might often be said that we went in worsted stockings—for I very well remember that I presented myself at the dancing-school in such, of my mother's own knitting—patched shoes, black satin breeches, made up for me after having belonged to another generation, and green home-spun jacket with steel buttons. Nevertheless, I became no inefficient dancer; and not much better attired, made my appearance, a few years afterwards, at a dance at the Whitetide fair. Neither was practice wanting. No sooner had the young people assembled, than my father arranged the dancing, in the autumn almost every evening, himself acting as master of the ceremonies; and his large venerable figure, sometimes participating in the pleasures of the young, stands at this moment before my mind's eye.

"It was no soul-less enjoyment. I have seen the world, and I now look back with admiration on the real good breeding which existed in this rural circle; but good old authors were held by us in universal esteem.

"Shall I not still say a word about all the music which sounds back to me from my childhood? Receive in thy grave my first gratitude, thou my good, old, half deaf, beloved aunt; whose affectionate zeal already, at six years old, placed my fingers on the keys of the piano and never grew weary, although, at the beginning, it suited my taste so little that, when the hour for practice came, I made my escape through the window. For what have I not to thank thee! What satisfaction can be greater than to communicate a noble art, a source of rich enjoyment for life! Have thanks also, thou departed benefactor! to whom I owe, not merely my acquaintance with the poets of my adopted country, whose works I so often heard from thy lips; but also for my first lessons in the science of music, which have not been fruitless. Even now I seem to see thee driving down the long lane from church in thy grey hat and with a whole chest of music beside thee in the chaise.

"It was the delight of this extraordinary man's old age to arrange large pieces of music, so that they could be produced by only a few hands. For instance, that a whole library of music should be performed upon two pianos, the only instruments which our house possessed. How many pieces have I not, during several years, played with him in this way, from Schobert and Boccherini to Haydn and Mozart!

"I now at once make a leap from the years of my youth to my first essay in authorship.

"I was twenty years old, and came home from the Academy. It was determined that I should endeavour to obtain a situation as tutor in some high family. My before-mentioned fatherly friend, with whom in particular this plan originated, had passed some years of his earlier life in the great world. From it, however, and from his, at that time, brilliant prospects, he was called away by his father's loss of property, and also, as I believe, in consequence of an unhappy love affair. This good man wrote to one of the friends of his youth, recommending me in the highest manner. The reply of the great man was shown to me. He demanded to see something which I had done. My examination at the University had not been very advantageous to me; I was a youth without a degree. It was

my first experience of the benefit of a name and reputation. I felt myself pointed at by the whole world. My whole being was in a tumult to get rid of this unexpected notoriety by the acquisition of a better name. Thus I seized my pen, and, resolving to compete for the prize of the Swedish Academy in 1803, I wrote the 'Eulogy on the Memory of Sten Sture, the Elder.' Full of fear and with the greatest secrecy I went to the work. I did not even know, when the thought arose in my mind, what subject was given out for the prize. I might, however, ascertain that from the post, and the 'Country News,' which, after it had gone its round in the parish, was left at the minister's house. One August evening, therefore, I set off thither full of anxiety, and desired, under some pretence or other, that the minister would allow me to see all the numbers of the newspaper which remained for the year. He produced from an old cupboard, and from amongst fragments of cheese and bits of bread, a number of tattered newspapers more or less perfect; fortunately, among them, was the one which I needed. On my way home I experienced for the first time what it was to travail in literary child-birth. The newspapers were exceedingly heavy in my pocket; my thoughts were, as it seemed, all afloat; I seemed to myself to be searching after them, whilst my feet during the walk on which I had set out late in the evening struck against stocks and stones. I could not sleep.

"The following day I got up, and, amid anguish and sighs, I began to read in 'Dalin's History of Sweden,' which we had in the house, such portions as referred to my hero. This was my only source of information. Never had I read anything so crabbedly written, and yet out of this must be extracted the very finest essence of eloquence. There was a labour! Happy was it that the old Government-Administrator knew it not in his grave! After I had arranged my subject in my mind, there was no little difficulty in getting it on paper. My father was very niggardly in this respect, and I am forced to confess that I obtained secretly and without his permission all the paper that I required. I hid my booty in an old empty clock-case; and there also 'Sten Sture's Eulogy' was deposited sheet after sheet as it was written. It was not easy to preserve any secrecy in our house, where every one was accustomed to know each other's business. Nevertheless, I succeeded without taking any one into my confidence; and one fine evening, with trembling hand and beating heart, I dropped my work, fairly copied out and stitched together, wrapped up and sealed, for the last time into its dark concealment, from which it was the following morning to be sent by post to the heights of Parnassus.

"It could not be entered at home in the post-book without exciting attention. I secretly possessed myself, therefore, after the old postman was gone away for the night, of the key of the post-bag, and rode alone early on the following morning across the river Klara, to the nearest post-town, and thus got my packet entered and sent off.

"That autumn I spent at home. In the beginning of December, my eye caught a paragraph in the newspaper; it was a request that the author of the 'Eulogy on Sten Sture, the Elder,' bearing the motto, 'non civium ardor prava jubentium,' etc., would make himself known to the secretaries of the Swedish Academy. My sister inquired from me why this advertisement made me turn so crimson. Unacquainted as I was with the forms of the Academy, I hardly knew whether the paragraph portended good or not. Between hope and fear, however, I replied to it.

"The following post-day brought me a letter from the Lord-Lieutenant Rosenstein, announcing to me with candour and kindness, which his after behaviour to me confirmed, that the Swedish Academy had awarded its great prize to me. I rushed with the open letter in my hand into the room of my parents. Their astonishment was great, and at the beginning silent. My good mother clasped me to her heart; my brothers and sisters embraced me. All the friends of the family

rejoiced. Of my old friend and benefactor, it was told me that when he, early in the morning, received the intelligence, he immediately went to his brother's (an old unmarried officer, as he was himself,) drew a chair to the table, seated himself on the chair, and with a loud voice proclaimed my honour. My father, as I remember, never caressed me. Our behaviour to him, although affectionate, was yet too much penetrated by the deepest respect ever to become confidential. On this day, when we accidentally met, he stretched out his hand and pressed it against his breast. Of all tokens of affection, as well as of all rewards, none ever touched me so much, nor even to this day can I recall it without tears."

With this extract we bid adieu to these volumes, trusting that in a second edition, which they deserve to reach, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will cut down all that relates to the inferior writers to the narrowest space, and give more copious illustrations of those on whom the permanence of northern literature must depend.

Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.

By Henry Richard, Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland. Vol. I. Longman and Co.

THE name of Lord Holland is closely associated with the history of the Whig party of the last generation. The nephew and pupil of Charles James Fox, he was from early youth imbued with liberal principles, and he was trained in the society of the little band of patriots who bore up the banner of freedom at a period when its friends were few, and when revolutionary excesses had brought discredit on the cause of reform. Holland House came to be a centre of union for the Whig party, and will ever be a classic spot in English history, both from its political associations, and from the noble and refined hospitalities of which in the days of the late Lord and Lady Holland it was the scene. No one else could with equal propriety have attempted a work with a title so general as the 'Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.' With all the leaders of that party he had familiar intercourse, and was mixed up with their private consultations and public measures. When the 'Foreign Reminiscences' of Lord Holland appeared, edited by his son, the present Lord Holland, considerable disappointment was felt and expressed. In the dedicatory note to the present work addressed to Lord Lansdowne, the editor acknowledges his error in then publishing (tempted by the interest of continental politics at the time) what was intended by his father merely as a supplementary chapter to the 'Memoirs,' of which the first volume now appears.

In a few prefatory sentences of graceful apology and explanation, Lord Holland says, that in writing these 'Memoirs' he had not the vanity to fancy the transactions of his own life of any great importance; yet having lived in stirring times, and having had the advantage of knowing some of the best and wisest men of his country, these notes, at first intended for private use, "may be possibly interesting to others."

"I shall write down what has come to my knowledge respecting public events and public characters, and is not to be found in Annual Registers or other histories of the day, with little or no regard to the manner of relating it."

As to the manner of the relation, the book has neither the order and completeness of a history of the times, nor the artless simplicity

of a diary. The several parts are carefully written, but they are presented without much attempt at unity of design or orderly arrangement. The first book was written before the year 1802; the second between May, 1805, and January, 1812. In 1824, the whole was revised and re-written, explanatory notes being added, and slight alterations made. On the whole, we may regard the 'Memoirs' as a faithful contemporaneous record of the times and events to which they refer.

The book opens with an account of Mr. Fox, and the author's early connexion with him.

"My uncle, Mr. Fox, whose transcendent genius was admired, even by enemies, and whose frank and generous nature gained all who approached him, was the leader of Opposition during my minority. I was, no doubt, swayed by my affection for him, as well as convinced by his arguments, to espouse the principles which have generally guided the popular party in this country called Whigs. He seemed to take pleasure in awakening my ambition, and directing it, both by conversation and correspondence, and yet more by talking to me of my studies and inspiring me with a love of poetry, both ancient and modern. He enforced this taste full as much by example as by precept. His love, or rather his passion for poetry, embracing all branches of it from love songs to Homer, was the never-failing source of unaffected delight to him in business and in retirement, in adversity and in prosperity, in health and in sickness."

By rather an abrupt transition Mr. Burke's name is then introduced, and a long account given of his character and his policy. His behaviour at the time of his memorable rupture with the Reform party, when Sheridan first spoke of the French Revolution in the House of Commons, is thus referred to:—

"I was present at that painful scene: to me Burke appeared all fury and unreasonableness; but, perhaps, I was too young to be a competent judge, and too affectionately attached to Mr. Fox to be an impartial one. More than one person present, however, whose partialities, at least political partialities, leant to Burke, assured me that they were touched by the tenderness and affection of Mr. Fox to an old friend, and hurt and disgusted by the coarseness and virulence of Mr. Burke. Nothing can be more false than the account of that memorable debate in Prior's life of Burke. Mr. Pitt, himself, I have been told, praised Mr. Fox's temper, and censured Mr. Burke's want of it on that occasion.

"Burke from that time had no intercourse with the Whigs, but for the purpose of disuniting them."

An impartial estimate of William Pitt or his policy we could scarcely expect from Lord Holland, and he shows a spirit of partisanship in referring to him, scarcely generous in an opponent. One harmless anecdote alone we may cite, Lord Holland's object in telling it being, as he says, to show either Mr. Pitt's "great fortitude or great indifference." It was during the meeting of the fleet.

"The worst and most alarming news arrived late at night. Lord Spencer found Mr. Pitt retired to his room and in bed, told him, at his bedside, the events, and consulted him on the measures to be taken. He had not left the room two minutes, when something that he had omitted recurring to him, he returned, and found Mr. Pitt in a sound sleep."

Sheridan does not appear to much advantage in these pages. His cleverness, his wit, his eloquence cannot be hid, but so many selfish and cunning and unworthy traits are recorded, that even his talents command less respect than they have been wont to do. His artifices to gain popularity were often unscrupulous. After the Duke of York's miserable

expedition to Holland the Whigs determined to move for an inquiry, and also to call for an account of the charge of 40,000*l.* on the civil list paid to the Duke in connexion with that campaign.

"In the ensuing February," says Lord Holland, "I moved for an inquiry into the causes of the failure. I had hardly given notice, when Mr. Sheridan gave notice of a similar motion in the Commons, and fixed a day preceding that which I had named. He came over to Holland House, and procured from me all the materials which I had collected, and which he used without scruple. He even repeated, word for word, and like a lesson, a long paper which had been confidentially communicated to me, and which I, won by his protestations of not divulging it, had imprudently entrusted to him. Such petty tricks, as traits of a singular character, may be worth preserving; but it is right to add, that the fascination of his conversation and the mixture of archness and good-humour with which he defended himself when detected or attacked for such artifices, made all who knew him, and many whom he injured in more important matters than such trifles as these, in some measure his accomplices by forgiving, winking at, and encouraging his great and his little delinquencies."

Another impudent and more amusing plagiarism is told further on in connexion with the peace of Amiens.

"It is a peace," said Mr. Francis, 'of which everybody is glad, and nobody proud.' Mr. Sheridan, to whom I repeated these words two hours after they were spoken, and who affected not to hear them, in the course of less than two hours, delivered them as his own in the house of Commons, on a conversation for fixing the day for taking it into consideration."

When speaking on the question of the union—

"He was vain enough to boast of his imaginary descent from Irish kings, and even to allege that circumstance as a personal motive with him for opposing the surrender of the independence of Ireland. He was, he said, a 'true old Milesian,' which Mr. Hare explained to be a member of 'Miles's,' the gaming club in St. James Street."

An animated account is given of Grattan's first appearance in the House of Commons. It was in a debate on the Catholic disabilities.

"He rose in a house prepared to laugh at him in the face of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, both of whom had treated him with scorn, and with a manner and voice much exposed to ridicule everywhere, but more especially so in an Assembly which had never been familiarised to it, had no experience of the sense and genius by which these defects were redeemed, and has, at all times, been remarkable for great reluctance in confirming reputations for oratory elsewhere obtained. When he rose curiosity was excited, and one might have heard a pin drop in that crowded house. It required indeed intense attention to catch the strange and long deep-fetched whisper in which he began; and I could see the incipient smile curling on Mr. Pitt's lips, at the brevity and antithesis of his sentences, his grotesque gesticulations, peculiar and almost foreign accent, and arch articulation and countenance. As he proceeded, however, the sneers of his opponents were softened into courtesy and attention, and, at length, settled in delight and admiration. Mr. Pitt beat time to the artificial but harmonious cadence of his periods, and Mr. Canning's countenance kindled at the brightness of a fancy, which in glitter fully equalled, in real warmth and power far exceeded, his own. Never was triumph more complete."

Of the last illness of Fox an account is given, with many affecting details. For some years his health had been much broken, and dropsy at length supervening, he was pronounced to be in serious danger. Rest and tranquillity were enjoined, and during the

latter part of his illness he had as much repugnance to enter upon any public affairs as his colleagues had to consult him. The interest felt throughout the country was shown, among other ways, by the number of letters written to suggest means for preserving his life. But every effort, directed by the skill of the most eminent physicians, proved unavailing.

"In the morning of the 7th of September, he grew much worse, and Mrs. Fox sent for me over to Chiswick, which I did not quit till after the termination of his illness. One day he sent for me, and reminded me of my promise not to conceal the truth. I told him that we had been much alarmed, but that he was better. I added, however, that he was in a very precarious state, and that I must acknowledge his danger, though I perhaps overstated it from a fear of allowing myself to deceive him after the promise I had given. He then repeated the injunctions he had given me before, and said once or twice, 'You have done quite right—you will not forget poor Liz: what will become of her!' As he had now been twice apprised of his danger, and seemed to me to have said all that he wished, I henceforth endeavoured to encourage his hopes as much as I could, and infinitely beyond my own judgment of his situation. He was, however, somewhat stronger and easier that night; he conversed more than he had done for some time: seeing his servant in the room, he spoke to me in French, and his thoughts still dwelt exclusively on Mrs. Fox. 'Je crains pour elle,' said he; 'a-t-elle la moindre idée de mon danger? si non, quelle souffrance pour elle!' I answered him (what was indeed the truth) that she was sufficiently aware of his danger to prevent the worse termination of his illness being a surprise; but that she had not been so desponding that morning as my sister, General Fitz Patrick, and others; and I ventured to add, 'et à cette heure vous voyez qu'elle avait raison; for in spite of what I then said to you, 'dabit Deus his quoque finem.' 'Aye,' said he, with a faint smile, 'but *finem*, young one, may have two senses.'

"Such was our last conversation. He spoke, indeed, frequently in the course of the next thirty-six hours, and he evidently retained his faculties unimpaired; but he was too restless at one time, and too lethargic at others, to keep up any conversation after that evening, which I think was the 11th of September."

A narrative then follows of a scene to which, in other accounts of his deathbed, references have been made. After pointing out the incorrectness of the statements by Mr. Trotter, who had been Fox's private secretary, and censuring him for publishing 'Conjectures of his own on the Religious Tenets and Principles of Mr. Fox,' Lord Holland describes how "a clergyman of excellent character stood behind the curtain of the bed, and in a faint but audible voice read the service." The way in which all this is told shows that this was done with much the same feeling which would have led others to propose the *viaticum* or extreme unction. Lord Holland had the good sense to see that what could, at such a time, be done was chiefly, as he remarks, in order to soothe and satisfy Mrs. Fox:—

"She knelt on the bed and joined his hands, which he seemed faintly to close with a smile of ineffable goodness, such as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Whatever it betokened, it was a smile of serenity and goodness, such as could have proceeded at that moment only from a disinterested and benevolent heart, from a being loving and beloved by all that surrounded and by all that approached him. From that period, and not till that period, Mrs. Fox bore her situation and apprehensions with some fortitude; and I have no doubt that her confidence in religion alone enabled her to bear the scene which she was doomed so soon to undergo."

"The last words which he uttered with any

distinctness were, 'I die happy;' and 'Liz,' the affectionate abbreviation in which he usually addressed his wife. He attempted indeed to articulate something more, but we none of us could accurately distinguish the sounds. In very few minutes after this fruitless endeavour to speak, in the evening of the 13th of September, 1806, he expired without a groan, and with a serene and placid countenance, which seemed even after death to represent the benevolent spirit which had animated it."

In the course of this last illness, Lord Holland was much with his uncle, and used to read to him. For his favourite classics he retained his taste to the last, with 'Virgil' especially being delighted. In the light work of the day he sought amusement; but the most interesting memorandum of these readings is the following:—

"I read the whole of Crabbe's 'Parish Register' over to him in MS. Some parts he made me read twice; he remarked several passages as exquisitely beautiful, and objected to some few, which I mentioned to the author, and which he, in almost every instance, altered before publication. Mr. Fox repeated, once or twice, that it was a very pretty poem; that Crabbe's condition in the work had improved since he wrote the 'Village,' and his view of life and of mankind had improved likewise. The 'Parish Register' bore marks of some little more indulgence to our species; though not as many as he could have wished, especially as the few touches of that nature are beautiful in the extreme. He was particularly struck with the description of the substantial happiness of a farmer's wife. He did not, however, observe, what was nevertheless quite true, that the improvement in Mr. Crabbe's fortune was, in a great measure, owing to himself. While Lord Thurlow was in office, he overcame his reluctance to asking favours of a political enemy, and urged the Chancellor to encourage genius by giving Mr. Crabbe some preferment. Lord Thurlow did something for him; and the Duke of Rutland, who had been applied to by Lord John Townshend, did more. His success in the Church, though very moderate, seemed for awhile to check rather than animate his ardour for poetry. He passed several years without publishing anything; and it was not till after an accidental conversation with Mr. Fox, who met him while shooting in Suffolk, that he confessed that he had written some poems, but never printed them, and agreed to send them in MS. for Mr. Fox's perusal and judgment. These were the poems which I read to Mr. Fox."

Earlier in his illness a proposal was made to Fox to retire from the toil of public life and accept a peerage. The scene that then occurred is strikingly characteristic of his character:—

"Lord Howick (Grey) came to him with a proposal, which included a Peerage if he liked it, to save him from the yet more laborious duty of the House of Commons. Mrs. Fox was in the room when this suggestion was made. At the mention of the Peerage, he looked at her significantly, with a reference to his secret but early determination never to be created a Peer; and, after a short pause, he said, 'No, not yet, I think not yet.' On the same evening, as I sat by his bedside, he said to me, 'If this continues, though I don't fear any immediate danger, I begin to see it is a longer and more serious business than I apprehended, I must have more quiet than my place I ought to have, and put the plan I spoke to you about sooner in execution than I intended. But don't think me selfish, young one. The State Trade and Peace are two such glorious things I can't give them up, even to you. If I can manage them, I will then retire.'"

Of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Viscount Melville, Mr. Windham, Mr. (Earl) Grey, and other public men, Lord Holland has, in this early part of his 'Memoirs,'

striking portraits. But the central and chief figure is that of Charles James Fox. Of his public life and career little new could be said; but many interesting facts are recorded of his private character and habits. No English statesman so distinguished during life has been so long without a biographer. In this volume we have the best record that has yet appeared of his history and character. A more formal 'Life' Lord Holland at one time meditated; but the editor tells us that this idea was afterwards abandoned, and the materials given to Mr. Allen, since whose death they have been in Lord John Russell's possession for that purpose.

The first volume closes with the death of Mr. Fox. To the continuation of these 'Memoirs' we look forward with an interest, which will increase as they reach times and events less distant from our own recollections, and as other public men, who were more nearly Lord Holland's contemporaries, appear upon the scene.

Scenes and Adventures in Central America.

Edited by Frederick Hardman, Esq.
Blackwood and Sons.

THE romantic interest and stirring adventures that in days of yore were characteristic of border warfare in our own country and on the bounds of continental states, are now transferred to the New World. The line that marks the limits of the territories occupied by the encroaching Anglo-Saxon of the north, and yielding Indo-Spaniard of the tropical province, has become a fruitful scene of deeds of personal prowess and daring raids. Although knights in steel be wanting, the spirit of the contest is much of the same cast, and not deficient in chivalric features at times. Many a thrilling legend will be told in after-days of the doings of the stout-hearted annexationists. Authors who first enter on this new ground, with sufficient knowledge and the power of telling a story vividly, have a fine and fruitful field before them. Few are so able to undertake the pleasant task as Mr. Hardman. Personally familiar with incidents of adventure and warfare, gifted with that strong sense, so often wanting in novelists, which enables him to reject all diluting superfluities, and possessing the invaluable faculty of picturing with a fluent pen, in life-like colours, the doings of men and the scenery of their exploits, this promising lively author succeeds in all that he undertakes. We expect much from him. The little volume before us, however, is not set forth as original, but is an admirable adaptation of the German tales of Charles Sealsfield. For intensity of interest we have met with no recent work of fiction to equal them. The scene of the adventures which form the theme of the book is placed in the countries bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. The peculiarities of the vegetation and physical features of that wonderful region are delineated with surprising truth, yet without interfering with the interest attached to the wanderings and exploits of its strange and motley population.

As a specimen of the manner of the book—the matter cannot be broken up into extracts—we quote the following passage, part of the personal narrative of an inexperienced traveller in Texas, who, ignorant of the danger of chasing a wild horse in a Texan prairie, has pursued, far out of reach of his party, until he has hopelessly lost his way, a vicious mustang. After thirty hours of fatigue and

fasting, the unlucky wanderer is sinking in despondency, and wild and delirious fancies are beginning to crowd upon his brain. Hunger and thirst have given way to giddy weakness. A boundless sea of grass is spread around him on every side. All hope begins to vanish—but let the sufferer tell his own fearful tale:—

"At length I gave up hope, except in that God whose almighty hand was so manifest in the beautiful works around me. I let the bridle fall on my horse's neck, clasped my hands together, and prayed as I had never before prayed, so heartily and earnestly. When I had finished my prayer I felt greatly comforted. It seemed to me, that here in the wilderness, which man had not as yet polluted, I was nearer to God, and that my petition would assuredly be heard. I gazed cheerfully around, persuaded that I should yet escape the peril in which I stood. Just then, with what astonishment and inexpressible delight did I perceive, not ten paces off, the track of a horse!"

"The effect of this discovery was like an electric shock, and drew a cry of joy from my lips that made my mustang start and prick his ears. Tears of delight and gratitude to Heaven came into my eyes, and I could scarcely refrain from leaping off my horse and kissing the welcome signs that gave me assurance of succour. With renewed strength I galloped onwards; and had I been a lover flying to rescue his mistress from an Indian war party, I could not have displayed more eagerness than I did in following up the trail of an unknown traveller.

"Never had I felt so thankful to Providence as at that moment. I uttered thanksgivings as I rode on, and contemplated the wonderful evidences of His skill and might that offered themselves to me on all sides. The aspect of everything seemed changed, and I gazed with renewed admiration at the scenes through which I passed, and which I had previously been too preoccupied by the danger of my position to notice. The beautiful appearance of the islands struck me particularly, as they loomed in the distance, swimming in the bright golden beams of the noonday sun, dark spots of foliage in the midst of the waving grasses and many-hued flowers of the prairie. Before me lay the eternal flower-carpet with its innumerable asters, tuberoses, and mimosas—that delicate plant which, when approached, lifts its head, seems to look at you, and then droops and shrinks back in alarm. This I saw it do when I was two or three paces from it, and without my horse's foot having touched it. Its long roots stretch out horizontally in the ground, and the approaching tread of a horse or man is communicated through them to the plant, and produces this singular phenomenon. When the danger is gone by, and the earth ceases to vibrate, the mimosa may be seen again to raise its head, quivering and trembling, as though not yet fully recovered from its fears.

"I had ridden on for three or four hours, following the track I had so fortunately discovered, when I came upon the trace of a second horseman, who appeared to have here joined the first traveller. It ran in a parallel direction to the one I was following.

"Had it been possible to increase my joy, this discovery would have done so. I could now entertain no doubt that I had hit upon the way out of this terrible prairie. It struck me as rather singular that two travellers should have met in this immense plain, which so few persons traversed; but that they had done so was certain, for there were the tracks of the two horses, as distinct as possible. The trail was fresh, too, and it was evidently not long since the horsemen had passed. It might still be possible to overtake them; and in this hope I rode on faster than ever, as fast, at least, as my mustang could carry me through the thick grass and flowers, which in some places were four or five feet high.

"During the next three hours I passed over ten or twelve miles of ground; but although the trail still lay plainly and broadly marked before me, I

saw nothing of those who had left it. Still I persevered. I must overtake them sooner or later, provided I did not lose the track; and that I was most careful not to do, keeping my eyes fixed upon the ground as I rode along, and never deviating from the line which the travellers had followed.

"Thus the day passed away, and evening approached. I still retained hope and courage; but my physical strength was giving way. The gnawing sensation of hunger increased. I felt sick and faint; my limbs were heavy, my blood seemed chill in my veins, and all my senses grew duller under the influence of exhaustion, thirst, and hunger. My eyesight was misty, my hearing less acute, the bridle felt cold and heavy in my fingers.

"Still I rode on. Sooner or later I must find an outlet; the prairie must have an end somewhere. True, that the whole of Southern Texas is one vast prairie; but then there are rivers flowing through it, and if I could reach one of those, I should not be far from the abodes of men. By following the streams five or six miles up or down, I should be sure to find a plantation.

"Whilst thus reasoning with and encouraging myself, I perceived the traces of a third horse, running parallel to the two which I had so long followed. This was indeed encouragement. It was certain that three travellers, arriving from different points of the prairie, and all going in the same direction, must have some object, must be repairing to some village or clearing; and where or what this was had now become indifferent to me, so long as I once more found myself in the habitations of men. I spurred on my mustang, who began to flag a little in his pace with the fatigue of our long ride.

"The sun set behind the high trees of an island that bounded my view westward, and there being little or no twilight in those southerly latitudes, the broad day was almost instantaneously replaced by the darkness of night. I could proceed no further without losing the track of the three horsemen; and, as I happened to be close to an island, I fastened my mustang to a branch with the lasso, and threw myself on the grass under the trees.

"This night, however, I had no fancy for tobacco. Neither the cigars nor the *dulcissimus* tempted me. I tried to sleep, but in vain. Once or twice I began to doze, but was roused again by violent cramps and twitchings in all my limbs. I know of nothing more horrible than a night passed as I passed that one—faint and weak, enduring torture from hunger and thirst, striving after sleep, and never finding it. The sensation of hunger I experienced can only be compared to that of twenty pairs of pincers tearing at the stomach.

"With the first grey light of morning I got up and prepared for departure. It was a long business, however, to get my horse ready. The saddle, which at other times I could throw upon his back with two fingers, now seemed of lead, and it was as much as I could do to lift it. I had still more difficulty in drawing the girths tight; but at last I accomplished this, and, scrambling upon my beast, rode off. Luckily my mustang's spirit was pretty well taken out of him by the last two days' work; for if he had been fresh, the smallest spring on one side would have sufficed to throw me out of the saddle. As it was, I sat upon him like an automaton, hanging forward over his neck, sometimes grasping the mane, and almost unable to use either rein or spur.

"I had ridden on for some hours in this helpless plight, when I came to a place where the three horsemen whose track I was following had apparently made a halt—perhaps had passed the previous night. The grass was trampled and beaten down in a circumference of some fifty or sixty feet, and there was a confusion in the horse-tracks as if they had ridden backwards and forwards. Fearful of losing the right trail, I was looking carefully about me to see in what direction they had recommenced their journey, when I noticed something white amongst the long grass. I got off my horse to pick it up. It was a piece of paper with my own name written upon it; and I recognised it as the

back of a letter in which my tobacco had been wrapped, and which I had thrown away at my halting-place of the preceding night. I looked around, and recognised the island and the very tree under which I had slept or endeavoured to sleep. The horrible truth instantly flashed across me—the horse-tracks I had followed were my own: since the preceding morning, I had been riding in a circle!"

How he was at length rescued, and the strange events that followed, must be sought for in the book. The long extract we have given affords good evidence of the power and interest manifested in these stories.

Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn. 2 vols. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

(Second notice.)

In the spring of 1804 Jeffrey visited London for the first time since the 'Edinburgh Review' had given him reputation. He was received with favour and distinction, and enjoyed much the stirring scenes of the metropolis. "The literary men," he said, "excite my reverence the least. The powerful conversations alarm me a good deal; and the great public orators fill me with despair." He returned soon to a society which he entirely loved, and which was more wholly congenial to his mind. The literary circle of Edinburgh in those days is described by Lord Cockburn in an interesting manner. It was a brilliant time for the northern capital when the wit and learning of its people, combined with the beauty of its site, gained for it the title of the 'Modern Athens.' The University of Edinburgh was then at its highest fame, with such professors as Black, Gregory, Sir John Robison, Playfair, Dugald Stewart, and Robertson, the historian, as Principal. Many of the clergy and the judges, and other official men, were distinguished in literature, such as Blair, Alison, John Home, Monboddo, Hailes, Henry Erskine:—

"According to the modern rate of travelling, the capitals of Scotland and of England were then about 2400 miles asunder. Edinburgh was still more distant in its style and habits. It had then its own independent tastes, and ideas, and pursuits. Enough of the generation that was retiring survived to cast an antiquarian air over the city, and the generation that was advancing was still a Scotch production. Its character may be estimated by the names I have mentioned; and by the fact that the genius of Scott and of Jeffrey had made it the seat at once of the most popular poetry, and the most brilliant criticism, that then existed. This city has advantages, including its being the capital of Scotland, its old reputation, and its external beauties, which have enabled it, in a certain degree, to resist the centralising tendency, and have hitherto always supplied it with a succession of eminent men. But now, that London is at our door, how precarious is our hold of them, and how many have we lost.

"It was in this community that Jeffrey now began to rise. It required some years more to work off the prejudices that had obstructed him, but his genuine excellence did work them off at last; till, from being tolerated, he became liked; from being liked, popular; from being popular, necessary; and in the end was wrapped in the whole love of the place."

Some domestic trials at this period finely disclose the warmth and sensibility of Jeffrey's heart. One of his sisters, Mrs. Napier, died soon after his return from London. Writing to a friend an account of her death, he describes his leaving the house:—

"The sun was rising, and the birds were singing gaily, as I sobbed along the empty streets. I

thought my heart would have burst at that moment."

A heavier calamity fell upon him. Mrs. Jeffrey had been in feeble health for some time, but was not supposed to be in danger, when on the 8th of August, 1805, she died. He wrote to his brother that he was left without hope, or joy, or comfort in this world. But neither the 'Review,' nor his profession, nor society were abandoned. Seen externally, he might have been mistaken for one on whom sorrow sat lightly. But to show how little we can judge of the inward feelings of one another by the outward conduct, hear how he describes himself to Horner:—

"My imagination and my understanding are exercised as they used to be, but my heart is dead and cold; and I return from these mechanical and habitual exertions to weep over my internal desolation, and to wonder why I linger here."

Time produced its tranquillising effects, and he continued his tasks as before. In the summer of 1806 he again visited London. The sixteenth number of the 'Review,' published shortly before, contained a criticism by Jeffrey on Moore's poems, condemning them in the severest terms on account of their immorality. Moore was so exasperated, that he regarded the criticisms not as directed against the book, but against himself as a man; and this led to a hostile meeting near London on the 11th of August, 1806, when Horner acted as Jeffrey's friend. Happily the police interfered, and prevented matters from being carried to extremity. There was great mirth among the newspapers and small wits at the time, because one of the pistols contained no bullet; such as that the poet loaded his poems with lead and his pistols with paper; and that it was always blank cartridge that was fired at reviews. But the matter was amicably settled, and the two wits were ever afterwards great friends.

When he heard in 1819 of Moore's pecuniary difficulties, he wrote a private letter to Rogers, nobly offering his assistance to the extent of 300*l.* or 500*l.* 'for our excellent friend,' and anxiously desiring that the offer should never be mentioned to Moore himself. Two years after, when in London, he writes:—

"I was surprised this morning to run against my old friend Tommy Moore, who looks younger, I think, than when we met at Chalk Farm, some sixteen years ago. His embarrassments, I understand, are nearly settled now, and he may again inhabit this country. I am to dine with him the day after to-morrow."

The 'Edinburgh Review' had gone on for six years, when an article, published in October, 1808, on the French usurpations in Spain, provoked the political opponents of the 'Review' so highly, that a work on more patriotic principles was resolved on, and hence the origin of the 'Quarterly Review,' the first and only formidable rival of Jeffrey and the 'Edinburgh.' Jeffrey said his natural indolence would have been better pleased not to be always in sight of an alert and keen antagonist, and he rejoiced in that kind of literature being improved in quality, and was proud to have set an example.

In 1808 appeared the criticism on Byron's first publication, which inflamed him into "rage, resistance, and redress," and produced 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' full of fierce and contemptuous bitterness on Jeffrey, who, however, did not write the offensive article. With Byron, as with most of the other poets, Jeffrey was afterwards on familiar and affectionate terms.

In 1813 he crossed the Atlantic to New York on a matrimonial expedition. Some time before, M. Simond, a French gentleman, came with his wife and a niece to visit some friends in Edinburgh. Madame Simond was a sister of Charles Wilkes, Esq., banker in New York, a nephew of the famous John, and the niece was Miss Charlotte Wilkes, a daughter of this Charles. Jeffrey met with her during this visit, and took the voyage to America to bring her home as his wife. Lord Cockburn thinks this must be considered one of the greatest achievements of love, for there never was one who recoiled with such sincerity from all watery adventures. He set sail from Liverpool in a cartel (as there was war then with America), on the 29th of August, 1813. The sea does not begin to be abused in his journal till the Thursday, when he writes thus:—

"It is amazing how narrow and paltry the boundless sea looks when there are no high shores in sight to mark its boundaries! To-day it seems not much larger than a Spanish dollar, and much of that complexion," &c. &c.

Compare with this Byron's 'Address to the Ocean,' at the close of 'Childe Harold.' He landed on the 4th of October, 1813, and continued in America till the 22nd of January, 1814. He dined with the President Madison, and defended the politics of Britain; because, though not satisfied she had the right of search, he thought it would be paltry not to stand by his country before an enemy who had him in his power. He had a similar interview and discussion previously with Mr. Munroe, the secretary. He reached Liverpool on the 10th of February, 1814. "Once more on British ground, and done, I hope for ever, with nautical journals."

He was very speedily established at home, with its rekindled light of domestic love. The whole happiness of his future life flowed from this union, which lasted for thirty-four years. In the spring of 1815, he removed his country residence to Craigcrook, on the eastern slope of Corstorphine Hill, three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh; and here he passed all his future summers. "During the thirty-four seasons that he passed there, what a scene of happiness was that spot. With the exception of Abbotsford, there were interesting strangers there more than in any house in Scotland."

Coleridge published in 1817, his 'Literary Life and Opinions,' in which he made a very unhandsome personal attack on Jeffrey, founded on what had passed at a visit paid by him to Southey, in 1810, at which Coleridge was present. Jeffrey wrote a review of this work, No. 56, art. 10, to which he appended a long note, giving his version of the affair; and with magnanimity throwing aside his editorial incognito, he said:—"These are Mr. C.'s charges against the principal conductor of the 'Edinburgh Review;' to which, in order to avoid all equivocation, that individual begs leave to answer distinctly, and in the first person, as follows"—signing F. J., and vindicating at once his conduct in the above affair, and his general literary treatment of the Lake School.

He began about this time to have intimacy with Dr. Chalmers, who furnished him with some excellent articles for the 'Review.' Jeffrey always thought him a great moral philosopher, an enthusiastic philanthropist, and the noblest orator of the age.

The first official honour that he ever received was conferred upon him by the students of the College of Glasgow, who elected him

their Lord Rector. Formerly it used to be given by the Professors chiefly, who generally bestowed it on some of the country gentlemen in the neighbourhood. It has since Jeffrey's time been held by Brougham, Mackintosh, Peel, Russell, and Macaulay. He was installed on the 28th of December, 1820, and made a beautiful speech, which has been published in a volume containing various inaugural discourses by Lords Rectors.

The leading events of the remaining part of Jeffrey's life we must only briefly name, in order to leave space for some extracts from his varied and delightful correspondence. In 1829 he was elected, by the unanimous vote of the Scottish bar, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. Although he long afterwards contributed a few articles, his regular connexion with the 'Edinburgh Review' at this time ceased; as he said "it was not fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should be the conductor of a political journal."

In December, 1830, when the Whigs came into office, Jeffrey was appointed Lord Advocate, a situation of great trust and dignity, but involving much anxiety, responsibility, and expense. He must be in Parliament, and this, between December, 1830, and May, 1832, cost Jeffrey about 10,000*l*. The Town Council of Edinburgh, who before the Reform Bill chose the member for Edinburgh, rejected Jeffrey on the 3rd of May, 1831, and by a majority of 17 to 14 chose Mr. Dundas, who at this present hour, under the name of Mr. Christopher, is one of Her Majesty's ministers. Lord Fitzwilliam gave Jeffrey his burgh of Malton. In the first Reform Parliament he sat for Edinburgh along with Mr. Abercrombie, who was afterwards Speaker—the first members returned by the new and enlarged constituency: 4058 voted for Jeffrey, 3865 for Abercrombie, and they were both returned free of expense. He continued to be a most useful and popular Lord Advocate till May, 1834, when a vacancy occurred on the bench of the Court of Session, and he became a Judge, under the title of Lord Jeffrey. He tells Cockburn (May 15, 1834), that he had taken the last peep into the House of Commons, and finished the last argument he should ever deliver from any bar. He felt somewhat sad at these finalities, but said, that "through the dimness he saw a bright vision of leisure, reason, and happiness." He had not been so astonishing a speaker in Parliament as was expected from his previous reputation; but being trammelled by his government connexion, and speaking in a scene which he had entered at fifty-seven, it is not wonderful he did not succeed. Leaving London, amidst the regrets both of friends and adversaries, he returned to his native city, there to perform the venerable functions of a judge, which he did for nearly sixteen years, with the utmost diligence, propriety, and dignity. He retained to the last his tenderness for his friends, his generosity to all; had ever the keenest relish for the beauties of nature, and for science and literature; and took the most lively interest in all the great social and political questions of the day. In these last he took, indeed, no active part after his elevation to the bench, but his sympathies were still on the side of freedom and progress. The last public meeting at which he spoke was one, of which his biographer omits any notice, when the inhabitants of Edinburgh met to congratulate the French on the Revo-

lution of 1830. Jeffrey made on this occasion a noble speech, in which he contrasted the humanity and moderation displayed in that event with the atrocities which had been witnessed forty years before.

The last few years of his life brought few changes, except what arose from the infirmities of age and domestic sorrows. Referring to the year 1844, his biographer says:—

"Though now above seventy, his intellect was as vigorous, and his heart as sunny, as ever. But he wisely began to think of himself as an old, or at least as a feeble, man. Most of his letters about this time, and afterwards, contain striking and pleasing accounts of his declining state."

And then a letter is quoted, ending thus:—

"I continue to hobble along the broken arches with as good a grace as most of my fellow-travellers, and wait with tranquillity for the close, which cannot be very distant."

In November, 1849, when he came to Edinburgh for the winter, he wrote to the Empsons, the family of his son-in-law:—

"I have made a last lustration of all my walks and haunts, and taken a long farewell of garden, and terrace, and flowers, seas and shores, spiry towers, and autumnal fields. I always bethink me that I may never see them again, and one day that thought will be a fact."

On Tuesday, the 22nd of January, he was in court for the last time. He was then under no apparent illness. Before going home, he walked round the Calton Hill with his usual quickness of step and alertness of gait. On the evening of Friday the 25th he dictated a letter to the Lord President, and on the same evening he dictated his last letter to the Empsons. He died on the evening of the next day, Saturday, the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year.

It only remains for us to give a few specimens of the miscellaneous correspondence of which the second volume is composed. Out of many hundreds of his letters, Lord Cockburn has selected such as seemed to him "best to disclose the personal nature of the man." They range from the year 1789 to 1850. The last letter in the volume, written within three weeks of his death, displays in a most characteristic way his generous kindness and sound judgment in acknowledging the receipt of a volume of poetry sent to him by a countryman of his own in humble life. The few earliest letters refer to his student life at Glasgow and Oxford. From Queen's College, he writes, Nov. 2, 1791:—

"This place should never be looked on but by moonlight, and then, indeed, what place does not look well! But there is something striking here—you recollect it—the deep and romantic shades on the sculptured towers—the sparkle of their gilded vanes—their black and pointed shadows upon the smooth green turf of our courts—the strong shades of the statues over the library—the yellow and trembling heads of the trees beyond them! Could I find anybody here who understood these matters, or who thought them worth being understood, I should regain my native enthusiasm and my wonted enjoyment; but they are all drunkards, or pedants, or coxcombs."

Another letter, written the same year, shows how the love of literature, as well as the spirit of poetry, was awake within him at that early time:—

"To what a superior station of existence does not a taste for literature and a lively fancy elevate the mind! How much superior does it render a man to all wealth and power—to all fortune or fate. The source of the satisfaction I believe to be pride; but I love to feel it nevertheless."

Passing on to the correspondence of maturer

years, those letters naturally most interest us in which London scenes and celebrities are described. At Holland House, in its palmy days, he was a frequent guest, and interesting notices he gives of the visitors he met there, as in 1811, when he dined with Ward, and Smith, and Brougham, and Mills, and Brummell, "the most complete fine gentleman in all London," and Luttrell—Ward being pronounced "the cleverest and most original man in this pretending assembly." Another day he meets "the big Duke of Norfolk, with the air and tone of an old baron," and "Dudley North, a wit and patriot of the old Fox school," and "Lady Caroline Lamb, supposed to be more witty and eccentric than any lady in London, but not appearing to me very charming." "A most magnificent repast," he adds, "and Lady Holland in great gentleness and softness."

One of the letters written to a sister in New York, from Mardocks, on his way home from a visit to London, in 1822, we would fain give entire, as not only one of the best in the volume, but one of the happiest pieces of epistolary writing in the language. But it is too long to extract, the length being playfully alluded to in the beginning, where he says he has "stolen this vast sheet of paper from the quire on which my host, Sir James Mackintosh, is now writing his History." In this letter of about six pages, there is an astonishing variety of subjects, all treated in Jeffrey's best style. There are notices of Moore, and Byron, and Miss Edgeworth, and Washington Irving, and Malthus, and others whom he had met in town.

"Washington Irving is rather low-spirited and silent in mixed company, but is agreeable, I think, *tête-à-tête*, and is very gentle and amiable. He is a good deal in fashion, and has done something to deserve it. I hope you do not look on him in America as having flattered our old country improperly. I had the honour of dining twice with a royal Duke, very jovial, loud, familiar, and facetious, by no means foolish or uninstructed, but certainly coarse and indelicate to a degree quite remarkable in the upper classes of society. The most extraordinary man in England is the man in whose house I now am."

The descriptions of English character and of English scenery are true and beautifully drawn. Here is the latter sketch:—

"Would you like to know what old England is like? and in what it most differs from America? Mostly, I think, in the visible memorials of antiquity with which it is overspread; the superior beauty of its verdure, and the more tasteful and happy state and distribution of its woods. Everything around you here is *historical*, and leads to romantic or interesting recollections. Grey-grown church towers, cathedrals, ruined abbeys, castles of all sizes and descriptions, in all stages of decay, from those that are inhabited to those in whose moats ancient trees are growing, and ivy mantling over their mouldered fragments. Within sight of this house, for instance, there are the remains of the palace of Hunsden, where Queen Elizabeth passed her childhood, and Theobalds, where King James had his hunting seat, and the *Rye-house* where Rumbald's plot was laid, and which is still occupied by a maltster—such is the permanency of habits and professions in this ancient country. Then there are two gigantic oak stumps, with a few fresh branches still, which are said to have been planted by Edward III., and massive stone bridges over lazy waters; and churches that look as old as Christianity; and beautiful groups of branchy trees; and a verdure like nothing else in the universe; and all the cottages and lawns fragrant with sweet briar and violets, and glowing with purple lilacs, and white elders; and antique villages scattering round wide bright greens; with old trees and ponds,

and a massive pair of oaken stocks preserved from the days of Alfred. With you everything is new, and glaring, and angular, and withal rather frail, slight, and perishable; nothing soft and mellow and venerable, or that looks as if it would ever become so."

Here is another picture of scenery purely natural, without any of the historical associations so graphically brought out in the foregoing. It is written from his own country house near Edinburgh.

"Craigcrook, 29th March, 1830.

"My dear Friend—I never saw three such days in March. To be sure, they are the first days of my vacation, and come after a hard winter of work and weather. But they have been so deliciously soft, so divinely calm and bright, and the grass is so green, and the pale blue sky so resonant with larks in the morning, and the loud strong bridal chuckle of black-birds and thrushes at sunset, and the air so lovesick with sweet briar, and the garden so bright with hepaticas, and primroses, and violets, and my transplanted trees dancing out so gracefully from my broken clumps, and my leisurely evenings wearing away so tranquilly, that they have passed in a sort of enchantment, to which I scarcely remember anything exactly parallel since I first left college in the same sweet season to meditate on my first love, in my first ramble in the Highlands."

But we must pass over many passages marked for extract to the latter part of the volume, where new scenes and friendships are described. In 1841 he writes to Lord Cockburn that he had met Charles Dickens—

"With whom I have struck up what I mean to be an eternal and intimate friendship. He lives very near us here, and I often run over and sit an hour *tête-à-tête*, or take a long walk in the park with him—the only way really to know or be known by either man or woman. Taken in this way I think him very amiable and agreeable. In mixed company, where he is now much sought after as a lion, he is rather reserved."

Many lively and affectionate letters to Mr. Dickens are given, from some of which here are a few sentences:—

"Craigcrook, 16th October, 1842.

"My dear Dickens—A thousand thanks to you for your charming book! (on America), and for all the pleasure, profit, and relief it has afforded me. You have been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which should give any serious offence to any moderately rational patriot among them. The *Slavers*, of course, will give you no quarter, and I suppose you did not expect they should. But I do not think you could have said less, and my whole heart goes along with every word you have written. * * * Your account of the silent or solitary imprisonment system is as pathetic and powerful a piece of writing as I have ever seen; and your sweet airy little snatch of the happy little woman, taking her new babe home to her young husband, and your manly and feeling appeal in behalf of the poor Irish (or rather of the affectionate poor of all races and tongues), who are patient and tender to their children, under circumstances which would make half the exemplary parents among the rich monsters of selfishness and discontent, remind us that we have still among us the creator of Nelly, and Smike, and the schoolmaster, and his dying pupil, &c.; and must continue to win for you still more of that homage of the heart, that love and esteem of the just and the good, which, though it should never be disjoined from them, I think you must already feel to be better than fortune or fame. * * * And so God bless you! and prosper you in all your undertakings."

On each of Mr. Dickens's new works there are letters couched in terms of discerning eulogy, and the general tone of his writing is thus expressed:—

"Edinburgh, 12th December, 1844.

"Blessings on your kind heart, my dearest

Dickens, for that, after all, is your great talisman, and the gift for which you will be not only most loved, but longest remembered. Your kind and courageous advocacy of the rights of the poor—your generous assertion, and touching displays, of their virtues, and the delicacy as well as the warmth of their affections, have done more to soothe desponding worth—to waken sleeping (almost dead) humanities—and to shame even selfish brutality, than all the other writings of the age, and make it, and all that are to come after, your debtors."

When Mr. Macaulay's History was coming out, Lord Jeffrey's son-in-law, Mr. Empson, sent a proof of some of the early sheets, on which he writes:—

"But I have your nice Friday letter with its precious enclosure, which I have devoured with a greedy and epicurean relish. I think it not only good, but admirable. It is as fluent and as much coloured as Livy; as close and coherent as Thucydides; with far more real condensation, and a larger thoughtfulness than either; and quite free from the affected laconisms and sarcasms and epigrams of Tacitus. I do not know that I ever read any thing so good as the first forty pages; so clear, comprehensive, and concise, so pregnant with deep thought, so suggestive of great views, and grand and memorable distinctions."

And afterwards, in reply to a letter in which Macaulay's book had been criticised, he writes a long and elaborate defence, in which the deep philosophy as well as the brilliant style of the History is pointed out:—

"The vivacity and colour of his style may have been the first attraction of many to his volumes; but I feel assured that it is the impression of the weight, and novelty, and clearness of the information conveyed—the doubts dispelled—the chaos reduced to order—the mastery over facts and views formerly so perplexing, and now so pleasingly imparted, that have given the book its great and universal charm, and settled it in the affections of all its worthy admirers. * * *

"This book, therefore, has *already*, in the course of three little months, scattered to the winds, and swept finally from the minds of all thinking Englishmen, those lingerings of Jacobite prejudice, which the eloquence and perversions of Hume, and the popular talents of Scott and other writers of fiction, had restored to our literature, and but too much familiarised to our feelings, in the last fifty years. This is a great work, and a great triumph, and ought, I think, so to be hailed and rejoiced in. All convertible men must now be disabused of their prejudices, and all future generations grow up in a light, round which no cloud can again find means to gather."

Such was his regard for Mr. Macaulay, and his interest in the book, that the venerable judge, at the age of seventy-four, revised and corrected all the proof-sheets of the History, paying the utmost attention to the punctuation, of his taste and skill in which he playfully boasted.

If, as Lord Cockburn says, these two hundred letters are selected from a much larger number, "without reference to any particular opinions or occurrences which they record," but only from the light they throw on the personal nature of the author, there must be more of Jeffrey's correspondence in which the public would take deep interest. Meanwhile his biographer deserves praise for the ability and judgment with which he has drawn the picture of his distinguished countryman.

To English readers the 'Correspondence' is even more welcome and valuable than the 'Life.' Interesting most of the letters are in their matter; delightful all of them in their style. With the same power and taste and liveliness which we have known so well in the reviewer, these letters are pervaded by a

tenderness and grace which will engage the love as well as gain the admiration of every reader.

Men and Women of France during the last Century. 3 vols. Bentley.

THIS collection of memoirs takes rank with that species of biography which depends for its interest on the voracious appetite for anecdote and scandal which is unhappily a morbid disease among the light-reading public of the present age. Though not so stated (as it ought to have been), these volumes are evidently a translation from the French, and contain sketches, mere *silhouettes* in many cases, of the men and women notables who disfigured the French court during the last century—worthy followers, for the most part, of their heartless and selfish monarch, who flourished under a dynasty of petticoats. Louis XV. realized completely the image of his time. The tender gallantry of the court of Diana of Poitiers had given place in his reign to the basest intrigues. The word love no longer meant hope, memory, affection, or sincerity, but merely brutal licentiousness. We are told in these volumes that the women who contrived to attach many lovers to their persons were accounted philosophers, in the court language of the day.

A disciple of Newton wrote to a lord of his acquaintance in 1745:—"I return with pleasure to a country where the fashion does not oblige a man to abandon a woman whose only fault is that of being his wife, and to live with another woman whose only merit consists in having belonged to all the world."

It has been truly said that the France of Louis XV. was Versailles. Versailles was an endless carnival—the bishops disguised themselves as bold dragoons, the ladies acted the parts of courtesans. In crossing the threshold of the palace, the men laid aside their dignity, the women their virtue, and the king himself was, according to a maxim of the Duke of Richelieu—his moralist in gallantry—"the husband of all wives but his own." The fatal influence of such an example is well told by our anonymous author:—

"The palace of Versailles had an echo. Scandal was the fashion of the reign. Scandal burst forth in the châteaux, even in the innermost recesses of the convents. How many young lords there were who had their *Parc-aux-Cerfs*! how many young nuns who imitated the charming and romantic Louise of Orleans! In the château, the organ that was only accustomed to serious and doleful music, now resounded only for *Armidas* and *Orpheus*; an Italian buffo-singer mingled his voice, all terrestrial as it was, with the voices of young virgins. In the oratory painting had, without ceremony, installed itself, with its mythological baggage and arms; the Abbé Chaulieu handled, with all his usual carelessness, the *Bible* and *St. Thomas à Kempis*."

"After me the deluge," said Louis XV. who saw nothing beyond the horizon of his own death. It was a deluge of blood, and we question much whether the crimes, errors, and follies, which led to the terrible though necessary punishment, divinely foretold, of visiting the sins of the fathers upon their children, need be again recounted.

Of what utility, except the morbid desire of feasting a depraved taste, can it be to detail again the oft-told licentious amours of a Pompadour, a De Camargo, a Guimard, or a De la Clos? The anonymous resuscitator of these bad human beings boasts in his introduction to his gallery of portraits, that he has given himself up with passion to the

study of man in the past; that he has put his hand upon the heart of the age, and has reanimated the illustrious dead. Illustrious they may be in a French Walhalla, but assuredly such individuals would not be tolerated in the halls of an English edifice consecrated to the illustrious dead.

We do not mean to assert that all the personages introduced in these volumes are on a par with the names we have given: but even when the author deals with philosophers, artists, and poets, he loves to exhibit their least amiable qualities, or those of their countrymen. Here, for example, is the closing scene of Greuze's life, who was a crown of artistic glory to France:—

"Will it be believed? This charming painter who had seen the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia, Louis XVI., General Bonaparte, the king of the world, a king of Sweden, an emperor of Germany, and I know not how many great people, seated on the stools of his studio, Greuze who was the last to preserve on his pencil the lost smile of his age, this thoroughly French painter, whose works would still, at the present day, make the fortune of ten painters, died poor and alone, amidst the most glorious days of France. David, who had caused him to be forgotten, had forgotten him himself. * * * Meanwhile Greuze had kept his bed for some days; it was all over with him, he had no more strength for the contest. Barthélemy alone came to bid him farewell. 'Well, Greuze!' 'Well, my friend, I begin to know what is death. If you ever wish to paint death, imagine to yourself a wicked mother, who puts her children to sleep to free herself from them. I am beginning to know no longer what I am saying; but patience, I shall soon say nothing at all.'—'Come, come, courage; one does not die the first spring day.'—'Good heavens! since the sans-culottides, I know nothing about seasons. Are we in Ventose, or Germinal? Is to-day St. Dandelion or St. Asparagus' day?'—'What matter. See what a beautiful sky.'—'I am quite easy about my journey; I shall expect you at my funeral; you will be all alone, like the poor man's dog.'

"Greuze died toward evening, after having wandered a little in his mind; his last word was, however, a prayer for his daughter. Mademoiselle Greuze, after having passed the night watching by the bedside, went in tears to seek her father's friends. 'He will be buried to-morrow,' said she to all. The next day, however, no one was seen at the funeral but Barthélemy, the poor man's dog, as the deceased had called him, a *bon-mot* which is worth as much as a picture for this painter without genius. Greuze was revenged on his faithless friends, revenged by a woman who came during the mortuary mass and placed a wreath on the modest coffin. 'It was very appropriate,' says the 'Journal of the Empire,' 'that a woman, in the name of all her sex, should offer this tribute of admiration on the tomb of the celebrated artist, who had almost always consecrated his genius to their service.'"

It might be supposed that the really illustrious countrymen of our author would be honourably recorded—that their services to literature or science would be specially noticed, and that such individuals as Fontenelle would be painted in the sober colours due to a man who held the high and distinguished office of Secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Paris for nearly half a century, and whose entire life impresses us with admiration and respect.

But an author whose palette, like his mind, is charged with carnival colours alone, paints poor Fontenelle in a very different garb. Here is the Secretary to the French Academy at a ball, when verging on his hundredth year:—

"As Monterif was interrupted by Madame de la Rochefoucault, the doors of the great saloon were

thrown open.—'There he is! it is M. Fontenelle!' was exclaimed on all sides. Madame Helvetius rushed forward to meet him. He bowed, still gracefully, seized her hand, and raised it gallantly to his centenarian lips.—'Monsieur de Fontenelle, did you know that we were waiting for you to open the dance?'—'It was because I knew it that I came late; overlook this little bit of coquetry: poets are like women, for which I make no complaint. And, besides, if I must tell everything, I have a domestic who serves me as badly as if I had twenty.' Fontenelle was placed by the side of Madame de Froidmont, who was ninety-five.—'Ah, my poor old shepherd!' said she to him, tossing her head, and lisping slightly, 'how old we are getting!'—'Hush! Death forgets us,' said Fontenelle, putting his finger on his lips, and assuring himself that all eyes were upon him. This joke had still great success; everybody applauded.—'I have cheated Nature; I have somewhat of a Norman's cunning in that respect.' When Fontenelle had collected all the beautiful smiles which were directed on his locks, whitened by so many winters, he asked his neighbour what was under discussion when he entered.—'I am a little deaf, and I do not see very well; my heavy baggage has been sent on in advance; but it is only necessary for me to know the subject in order to understand the conversation.'—Helvetius answered him, that the poets on one side, and the philosopher on the other, had for an hour been agitating the question—whether science was necessary for the happiness of mankind. 'Ah, my philosopher,' said Fontenelle, 'you have preached up science, but be not angry, you are mistaken. What need have we of the light of the lanterns of science to lead us to everlasting darkness?'

"Mademoiselle Helvetius, who was scarcely able to walk yet, was led in at this moment. 'See,' said he, 'my partner is weary of waiting; come, my legs, be a little lively, if you please—come on!' He rose and conducted the young dancer by the hand to the middle of the room. Then, as if by enchantment, graceful groups formed around him. He was at first dazzled by the dresses, the looks, the flowers, the smiles, the whole pomp of luxury and beauty—he felt his legs shake, he thought for a moment that his soul was about to depart from his body in the dance; but he soon rallied, and as soon as the musicians had commenced with an air of Rousseau, he advanced at his own risk and peril, keeping continually hold of his partner's hand. Every one closely observed this singular spectacle of old age and infancy, carried around together in the same whirl. After the first figure, it was necessary to force Fontenelle to rest himself.—'Come,' said Madame d'Epinay, 'Heaven be praised, you have got through with a difficult step.'—'It is the one before the last,' said Fontenelle, reseating himself. 'When the last comes, I may make a wry face, but at least after that I shall have a long rest.'—'There is,' said Madame d'Epinay, 'an old proverb which says, 'It is only the first step that costs anything.'—'That proverb is not common sense; the step which costs the most is the last. The first step! ah, madame, why could we not have made it together? Ah, if I was only eighty!' Fontenelle went on in this way for more than an hour."

Well may our author say that he does not side with any of the schools of literature or philosophy that have had a reputation in France; his ambition is evidently more to portray times and events which disgrace his country. But what else could be expected from a man who writes thus?—"The eighteenth century attracted me at an early age. How often have I imagined myself taking part in the love-adventures of the regency, in the literary debates of the Café Procope, in the pastorals of Versailles, in the carnival of wit and love, and in the heroic tragedy of the French revolution, of which but one actor remained to lower the curtain!"

NOTICES.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander von Humboldt. Vol. 3. Part 2. Longman and Co., and Murray.

HAVING in the previous portions of this work surveyed the physical conditions of the earth, and examined the progress of human discovery, or rather the phases in the development of mind, the author in his closing volume advances to the consideration of the phenomena of stellar space. The manner in which Humboldt in his extreme old age has hung over the sublime contemplation of the creation; and the clear and logical precision with which he has advanced from one cosmical phenomenon to another, and examined the influence of purely physical conditions on man's development, is in itself a splendid example of the power of mind triumphing over the elements of decay. Baron Humboldt may sometimes linger lovingly over some favourite theme, may not unfrequently return to the consideration of a discovery or a selected theory; but nowhere do we find any evidences of that age of the mind which is indicated by a second childhood in its efforts and its enjoyments. In the book before us, which we had supposed was to be regarded as the conclusion of the 'Cosmos,'—but in this we were mistaken, the geological portion being still to come—the consideration is devoted to special results in the Uranological portion of the Cosmos. The nebulae, those mysterious luminous cloud-like spaces which float in regions from whence, in all probability, a ray of light requires millions of years ere it can reach our eyes, form the first part of this highly suggestive theme. Many of these have been, by the aid of the magnificent instruments of Lord Rosse, shown to be clusters of stars; but many others resist the powers of our most perfect astronomical appliances, and still float in space as mere clouds of light, other than which it is more than probable they will never be known to man. The Magellanic clouds of the southern hemisphere, which appear as detached portions, as they have been supposed to be, of the Milky Way, and the black spaces in the stellar vault, known as the Coal-sacks, next engage attention. Then the solar domain—the sun as a central body, the planets and the satellites, and the meteoric asteroids—forms the subject of contemplation. This portion of the work is more of a "sketch" than any other part, but it is a sketch by a master-hand, far more instructive than a finished work from most other authors. The zodiacal light, one of these phenomena, which, although it has engaged the careful attention of astronomers since the time of Tycho Brahe, still remains an unsolved problem. Those eccentric travellers, "full of portents dread" to the superstitious—comets, together with falling stars, balls of fire, and meteoric stones, are considered in conclusion. We have read this section of Humboldt's work with much pleasure, and close our notice with the expression of our hope that life and health may be spared him to complete this work of "crowning excellence."

On Geology, in relation to the Studies of the University of Oxford. By H. E. Strickland, M.A.

THIS is the address introductory to a course of lectures on geology, delivered by Mr. Strickland, in his official capacity as Deputy-Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford. It is an earnest and able plea for the beautiful science, the excellence of which, as a means of education, is the chief theme of the discourse. The author has distinguished himself highly as a practical observer; and his published researches are not confined to England, for much that we know respecting the geology of the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus, and also of the Ionian Isles, has resulted from his labours. On questions of English geology he has written fully and ably. We mention these merits to show that his election to the distinguished post he now so ably occupies was the just reward of talents and industry that have been successfully exercised in honour of his *Alma Mater*. To fill the chair of a Buckland deservedly is in itself a high scientific honour. Mr.

Strickland's fame is not, however, geological only; he is as well known as a zoologist of high repute. We wish him every success in his Oxford career, and trust that, in spite of the reputedly uncongenial atmosphere of this ancient university, he may gather many pupils around him. Oxford has really done much for geology. Out of the school of Professor Buckland went forth Lyell, Austen, Egerton, Enniskillen, and the author of this lecture—all ardent and persevering votaries of the science, and some pre-eminent in their respective walks.

The Vegetation of Europe; its Conditions and Causes.

By Arthur Henfrey, F.L.S. Van Voorst.

UPON turning over the title-page of this book, and seeing a humorous engraving of a lion rampant, with a pen in one paw and a glass of grog in the other, we prepared ourselves for a 'Comic Vegetation of Europe,' illustrated by Leech, after the plan of Mr. A. Beckett's 'Comic History of England.' We are glad, however, to find that the attempts to popularize science have not been so far carried to the ridiculous. It is merely a misplaced masonic vagary of the author's, which to be more intelligible to the few who will understand its meaning, should have been printed in red ink. We trust it will not appear again. Instead of finding that Flora had put on the cap and bells, and decked herself out in the motley colours of a Punchinello, we were agreeably surprised to meet the sylvan goddess clad in the sober and pleasant garb of a chatty genial philosopher. The book is a serious and welcome analytical summary of the various phenomena of the vegetable world, and is the first of a series of works proposed to be published by Mr. Van Voorst, under the attractive title of 'Outlines of the Natural History of Europe.' Professor Henfrey's high reputation as a philosophic botanist is a sure guarantee for the soundness of his views, and the work is written with a felicity of expression which makes such apparently abstruse subjects as the influences of climate, temperature, atmosphere, and oceanic currents on vegetation, the distribution and limitation of species, and the general geography of plants, of much attractive popular interest. The next volume of the series, which is nearly ready for publication, will be 'The Natural History of the European Seas,' by Professor Edward Forbes, and from the great attention which has been given by this naturalist to the marine fauna of Europe, from the magnitude of his own personal labours, and from the marked originality of his researches, it cannot fail to be a valuable and interesting volume. We have been long looking for the results of Professor Forbes' wanderings and diversings and dredgings in a lively and popular form.

Catalogue of Roman Coins presented to the Society of Antiquaries of London. London: Printed for the Society.

THIS Catalogue, the composition of Captain Smyth, one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Akerman the Secretary, and Mr. Roach Smith, one of the Fellows, comprises a description of the Roman coins presented to the Society, in 1849, by the Rev. Richard E. Kerrick, by whose father, the late Rev. Thomas Kerrick, they were collected many years since; but we are somewhat inclined to doubt what the preface states, that there 'is inferential testimony to show that it was collected with a view to accurate and organized arrangement.' The constant iteration of the same type seems to show that the former owner was in the habit of buying—as many wealthy collectors still buy—everything that was brought to him—a mode of proceeding which, though it may sometimes be the means of obtaining a rare specimen, will yet inevitably cram a cabinet full of refuse coins. The present Catalogue comprises only a selection, and this appears to have been very judiciously made. There are about fifty specimens of consular silver. The imperial silver extends from Julius Cæsar to Justin, and includes an example of the rare type of Carausius, with that singular and unique legend, *EXPECTATE . VENI*. The large brass extends from Augustus to Gallienus; the middle brass from Augustus to Justin; and the small brass from Valerian to Arcadius.

The Catalogue will, we think, prove of service to the Fellows of the Society, for whose use it is printed, since it includes descriptions of a great number of the commonest coins of the Roman series, and consequently those which most frequently fall into the hands of the amateur numismatist.

Projectile Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds. By John Scoffern. 2nd edition. Cooke and Whitley.

THE first edition of this work had an unusual fate. "Immediately on being announced for publication, the whole stock, with the exception of about a dozen copies, was purchased by the agent of a foreign state, and exported—so that it never found its way into British literary commerce." (Preface.) The importance of the subject of the treatise was by this sufficiently indicated. In the present state of political affairs, greater interest than ever is taken in all that pertains to implements of war. Since 1845, when Mr. Scoffern's treatise appeared, we have had all the improvements of Delvigne, Minié, and others, on rifle projectiles; Lancaster's oval rifle-boring, the Prussian needle-gun, Colt's revolvers, Hale's rockets, and many recent improvements or inventions. On projectile weapons generally, and especially on these modern applications of explosive force aided by mechanical skill, Mr. Scoffern's work gives the most complete and recent information. We hardly think that Captain Warner gets fair play in the part referring to his inventions, the least important of which, "the long range," is singled out for ridicule. The chapter on "The Methods of Submarine Attack," contains some curious facts, and suggests the possibility of great changes in naval warfare. Mr. Scoffern's treatise is of much importance at the present time, and from the simple and plain manner in which it is written, is just such a book as, in the hands of workmen of chemical or mechanical ingenuity, might suggest new experiments and valuable inventions.

Sketches of Brazil; including New Views of Tropical and European Fevers. By Robert Dundas, M.D. Churchill.

DR. DUNDAS, formerly an army surgeon, now a physician in Liverpool, was for twenty-three years of his life medical superintendent of the British hospital at Bahia. He has had every facility for knowing the subjects of which in this volume he treats. While the book presents many notices of Brazilian scenery and life and manners interesting to the general reader, the medical information which it contains is of great importance to all professional men. The chief practical bearing of the experience of Dr. Dundas is the assertion of the identity of tropical remittent and intermittent fevers with the typhus of Europe, and the recommendation of the same treatment for both, quinine being used with great success in fever cases in the fever ward of the Northern Hospital at Liverpool, under the author's superintendence.

Discourses on Various Subjects. By Samuel Bailey. Longman and Co.

THE contents of this volume are too varied to admit of our giving to it more than a general notice. The 'Discourses' consist of papers which the author has read before several literary and philosophic societies, and are on a great diversity of subjects. The titles of the papers must suffice for the indication of their contents: on the mutual relation of the sciences—on the mammoth or fossil elephant found at the mouth of the Lena—on the changes in the English language during the last three centuries—on the science of political economy—on the last reformation of the calendar in England—on the general principles of physical investigation—on the mechanical causes of thunder—on the paradoxes of vision—on the theory of wit. Such are the topics—diverse, indeed—of Mr. Bailey's 'Discourses,' in some or other of which every reader will feel interest. The book abounds in valuable or curious information; and the author's own views are usually ingenious and sound. A good knowledge of each of the subjects will be obtained from studying the 'Discourses' in which they are severally treated, and the whole volume forms a miscellany of instructive and entertaining reading.

SUMMARY.

THE first part of a very useful work, called *The Book of the Garden*, has just appeared. The author, Mr. Charles McIntosh, is well known among horticulturists, and has had advantages possessed by few for acquiring thorough knowledge of the several departments of his art. For nearly the last thirty years he has had charge of the gardens, first, of the King of the Belgians, at Claremont and Brussels, and latterly of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith Palace, and has seen all the best gardens of this country. The work will consist of two divisions—the first architectural and ornamental, in which gardening will be treated as an art of design and taste; the second, practical, will be devoted to the theory and practice of gardening in relation to culture and management. In the first of these divisions there has been rapid progress of late years, and the more general use of iron and glass will cause still greater changes. The principles of heating, ventilation, and other practical objects, will fall to be discussed under the first division, as well as matters more peculiarly belonging to taste and ornament. The wood engravings are excellent.

We have formerly noticed with commendation the *School Series* of elementary books, edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., the Inspector-General of Military Schools. Several new manuals have appeared—*A History of Greece*, by R. W. Brown, M.A.; *Historical Questions*, Part 1, on England, the Colonies, India, Sacred History; *Geography of the British Empire*, by W. Hughes, F.R.G.S. All of them good books for school use.

A course of *Lectures on the Typical Character of the Jewish Tabernacle*, preached in one of the London churches by the Rev. Foster G. Simpson, gives a plain and useful account of the bearings of the Mosaic law on the Christian dispensation. For the substance of the book he has been much indebted to the learned and able treatise of Fairbairn on Typology, as is acknowledged in the Preface, and the subject has been suitably adapted to a popular audience. Two other courses of sermons preached in Lent of former years, by one of the most laborious and popular of the London clergy, the Rev. John Jackson, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, have been published under the titles, *Repentance, its Necessity, Nature, and Aids*, and *The Sinfulness of Little Sins*, both of which are full of sound scriptural truth, set forth with earnest simplicity.

A book by Mr. T. A. Buckley, B.A., of Christ Church, *The Great Cities of the Ancient World*, is excellent in its idea, written with much ability, and full of instructive and interesting matter. Sketches are given of the history of Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Jerusalem, Tyre, Petra, Palmyra, Athens, Ephesus, and about twenty other cities of the ancient world, both in their state of glory and of desolation. The best works of history and of travel have been used in the compilation, and the authorities are given.

Mr. Adams, author of a Greek Delectus, published last year, has now prepared *A New Latin Delectus*, adapted to the arrangement of the *Elem. Latin Grammar*, with a lexicon and notes. The book is good of its kind, and well suited for educational use, according to the mechanical system upon which the ancient languages continue to be taught in our public schools.

In *Antar, and other Poems*, by the Rev. E. W. Culsha, there are good passages, and on subjects not too common, such as 'The Death of Antar,' the Hercules of Eastern romance, and 'The Later Days of Columbus.'

A paper read before the Archaeological Institute at Bristol, by Edward A. Freeman, M.A., *On the Preservation and Restoration of Ancient Monuments*, excited much attention and some controversy in the local papers, and is now published in a separate form. There are many points in the paper which will give rise to discussion among antiquaries, and especially among ecclesiologists, and to all interested in such questions we commend Mr. Freeman's pamphlet as a free-thinking and free-speaking address on the restoration of ancient monuments. Mr. Ruskin's 'anti-destruction' propositions are vigorously assailed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adrian; or, Clouds of the Mind, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.
 Badger's Nestorians and their Rituals, 2 vols. 8vo, 36s.
 Baronial Halls, 2 vols. imp. 4to, half-morocco, £3 12s.
 Bickersteth's (Rev. E.) Life, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 16s.
 Bickersteth's (Rev. E.) Sermons, 5s. 6d.
 Blunt's Five Sermons, 5s. 6d.
 Brigg's (J. J.) History of Melbourne, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Burritt's (Elihu) Works, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Clara Eversham, by H. D. Howe, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
 Cobwebs to catch Flies, new edition, 18mo, 2s.
 Cookesley's Explanatory Atlas to Ancient Athens, 5s.
 De Fivas' French Grammar, 12th edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d.
 Dixon's (H.) Robert Blake, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Ferrar's (Nicholas) Life, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Glenn's Hand Book of Practical Gardening, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Gwynne's School for Fathers, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Holland's Chapters on Mental Physiology, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
 Household Words, Vol. 4, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Hughes' (W.) Manual of Geography, 7s. 6d.; (Part 2, 4s.)
 Manual of British Geography, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Hull's (W. W.) Collection of Prayers, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Kingsmill (J.) on Prisons and Prisoners, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 Lily of St. Paul's, a Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Lipscomb's History of Staindrop Church, folio, 9s. 6d.
 Longfellow's Poems, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 21s.
 McCosh's Method of Divine Government, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 More's (H.) Essays on St. Paul, 2 vols. 12mo, boards, 5s.
 Morgan's (J. M.) Tracts, 12mo, boards, 2s. 6d.
 Extracts for Schools, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
 Naturalist, Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Nourishment of the Christian Soul, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Parish's (Sir W.) Buenos Ayres, 8vo, cloth, 14s.
 Pestalozzi's Letters on Early Education, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
 Psalter (The); or Seven Ordinary Hours of Prayer, 36s.
 Reach's (A. B.) Claret and Olives, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Reflections, Meditations, and Prayers, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
 Ritchie's (J.) Crucifixion, a Poem, 12mo, cloth, 8s.
 Robert's Short Hints to Students in Archaeology, 2s. 6d.
 Scottish Protestant, Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 4s.
 Selections from the Psalmist, Vocal Score, 12mo, 1s. 6d.
 Short Stories, by C. Elizabeth, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Stanley's (Bp.) Memoirs, 2nd edition, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. 7, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 Student's Wife, by Mrs. Daniells, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Thoughts on Several Subjects, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Travers's (B.) Observations on Surgery, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Traveller's Library, Pt. 18, Lectures by Earl of Carlisle, 1s.
 Walker's (Rev. S. A.) Things New and Old, Vol. 1, 2s. 6d.
 Were Heretics ever Burned at Rome? 8vo, cloth, 3s.
 Westons (The); or, Scenes in a Village, square, cloth, 3s.

THE DODO.

THE interest which attaches to any communication relative to an extinct species, and, at one time, a doubted animal, must be my apology for offering the following addition to the evidences of the existence and habits of the Dodo.

My old and valued friend, Professor Owen, presented me, on his return from Holland some time since, with a short thick volume, bearing on its title-page, not without black letter, the following promise:—

"C. Plinii Secundi Des wijdt-vermaerden Natuurkondigers vijf Boecken," etc. etc. "t'Amsterdam by Abraham Wolfgangh. 1662."

The frontispiece presents the artist's notion of the garden of Eden, with a very Dutch Adam and Eve, the latter with the apple in her hand, while the serpent, twined round the tree, looks shy and satisfied. Our first parents are surrounded by beasts, and in the foreground is represented a piece of water, with waterfowl and "ill-shaped fishes."

Mr. Strickland, in his elaborate work on 'The Dodo and its Kindred,' in which he has done me the honour to adopt the arrangement and the information collected in my article 'Dodo,' in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' (vol. ix., 1837), gives some addenda in his Postscript to Part I. of his and Dr. Melville's book. "The first of these," writes Mr. Strickland, "is a rare edition of Bontekoe's voyage, kindly communicated to me by Dr. Bandinel, the Bodleian Librarian, entitled 'Journael van de achtjarige avontuerlijke Reyse van Willem Ysbrantsz Bontekoe van Hoorn, gedaen nae Oost-Indien,' published in quarto, at Amsterdam, by Gillis Joosten Zaagman. There is no date, but from a narrative introduced at the end, it must be subsequent (probably by a year or two) to 1646. The narrative is nearly a verbatim version of the other Dutch editions of Bontekoe, and the only variation of text which concerns us is in the statement that the underside of the Dodo dragged along the ground, which is here qualified thus:—'Sleepte haer de neers by na (i. e. almost) langs de Aerde.' But what gives a peculiar interest to this volume is, that it contains (alone of all the editions of Bontekoe which I have seen) a figure of the Dodo,

which I here present." "This highly ludicrous representation," continues Mr. Strickland, "is more like a fighting cock than a Dodo, and the black letter of the Dutch text omits to tell us whether this design was due to the pencil of Bontekoe or his publisher Zaagman, or whether it was copied from some contemporary painting now forgotten. But there can be no doubt that this figure refers to the true Dodo of Mauritius, and not to the 'Solitaire' of Bourbon, with which Bontekoe confounded it."

"We may regret that the rudeness of the original woodcut leaves us in the dark as to the nature of the object on which the Dodo appears about to feed. This figure would pass equally well for a testaceous mollusk, or for an arboreal fruit, so that the problem of the Dodo's food seems as far from a solution as ever."

In Wolfgangh's publication, p. 480, is the following description:—

"In the island of Mauritius, in the East Indies, as also in sundry other places likewise in the West Indies, men find birds as big as swans, which they call *Dod-aerses* or *Drontes*. They have large heads, upon the top of which is a skin (a little skin-membrane), in the shape of a cap (little cap). They have no wings, but in the place of them there are three or four black feathers; and there where the tail should be, there are instead four or five curling plumes of a grayish colour. They have a thick round rump, and from this it appears they got the name of *Dod-aerses*. In their stomachs they have commonly a stone as big as a fist; this stone is of a brown gray colour, and full of little holes and hollows, but as hard as the gray Bentemer stone. The boat's crew of Jacob van Neck called them *Walghvogels* (surfeit birds), because they could not cook them till they were done, or make them tender, or because they were able to get so many turtle-doves, which had a much more pleasant flavour, so that they took a disgust to these birds. Likewise it is said that three or four of these birds are enough to afford a whole ship's company one full meal. Indeed they salted down some of them, and carried them with them on the voyage."

At the top of the page in which this passage commences is printed, "*Van de Dod-aersen*." And immediately below it, and above the description, is a copperplate of the bird, superscribed "*Dod-aers*," in engraved italics. The engraving of the bird is identical in position and accessories with the woodcut given by Mr. Strickland, but the sharpness of the work and the nature of the plate make the whole much clearer. The object at which the Dodo is looking, as if about to feed, is manifestly a testaceous mollusk with a spiral shell, and between that and the raised foot of the bird is a half-buried spiny *Echinus*. The locality on which



the Dodo is walking has the appearance of a strand which the tide has left dry. Wolfgangh's account confirms the opinion which I hazarded in the article 'Dodo' in the 'Penny Cyclopædia':—

"As to the stories of the disgusting quality of the flesh of the bird found and eaten by the Dutch, they will weigh but little in the scale when we take the expression to be, what it really was, indicative of a comparative preference for the turtle-doves there found, after feeding on *Dodos usque ad nauseam*. 'Always partridges' has become proverbial, and we find from Lawson how a repetition of the most delicious food palls. 'We cooked our supper,' says that traveller, 'but having neither bread nor salt, our fat turkeys began to be loathsome to us, although we were never wanting of a good appetite, yet a continuance of one diet made us weary;' and again, 'By the way our guide killed more turkeys, and two polecats, which he eat, esteeming them before fat turkeys.' It does not follow that, because the Dodo is represented as looking at the *frutti di mari*, he is about to devour them. But if it be granted that he is, the admission would not militate against the opinion of those who would place the Dodo between the struthious and gallinaceous birds. It is well known that the turkeys in America come down to the shore and feed upon the 'fiddler' crabs; and there would be nothing extraordinary in a quisquilius feeder, such as the Dodo probably was, varying its fruit and vegetable diet occasionally by resorting to such animal substances as it might find on the strand. Common poultry eagerly pick up insects, worms, and slugs in the fields; and in the neighbourhood of tidal rivers and estuaries may be seen availing themselves of the smaller *mollusca* and *crustacea* left by the retreating tide."

In my article 'Struthionidae' (Penny Cyclopædia, vol. xxiii., 1842), under the section 'Didus,' is inserted the following extract from a letter written to me by Professor Owen:—

"Whilst at the Hague in the summer of 1848, I was much struck with the minuteness and accuracy with which the exotic species of animals had been painted by Savery and Breughel in such subjects as *Paradise*, *Orpheus Charming the Beasts*, &c., in which scope was allowed for grouping together a great variety of animals. Understanding that the celebrated menagerie of Prince Maurice had afforded the living models to these artists, I sat down one day before Savery's *Orpheus and the Beasts*, to make a list of the species which the picture evinced that the artist had had the opportunity to study alive. Judge of my surprise and pleasure in detecting in a dark corner of the picture (which is badly hung between two windows) the Dodo, beautifully finished, showing, for example, though but three inches long, the auricular circle of feathers,

the scutulation of the tarsi, and the loose structure of the caudal plumes. In the number and proportions of the toes, and in general form, it accords with Edwards's oil-painting in the British Museum; and I conclude that the miniature must have been copied from the study of a living bird, which it is most probable formed part of the Mauritian menagerie."

I little thought when, with his permission, I published this graphic product of my kind friend's pen, what was in store for me. Not long afterwards, another friend informed me that he had seen a picture at a dealer's, painted by one of the Saverys, and that he was pretty sure there was a Dodo in one corner of it. I sent for the picture, and there, sure enough, in the right-hand corner, and consequently to the left of the spectator, was the bird in all the beauty of its ugliness. The Dodo stands on one foot, with its back to the spectator, and turning round its head, which is represented with the huge bill picking the other uplifted foot. Like all the rest of the birds represented in this picture, which bears the name of Roland Savery, the Dodo is highly finished. The picture is now in my possession. W. J. BRODERIP.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE *soirée* given by Sir Roderick Murchison, on Saturday last, as President of the Geographical Society, was attended by a brilliant assemblage of men eminent in literature, in science, and, we may add, in politics (for we observed the Windsor uniform, and several in the official ministerial costume of Privy Councillor), and many ladies were present. This last is a feature in which the gallant Geographical President's *soirées* are distinguished from those of any other similar body, and affords a gratifying proof of the increasing interest taken by ladies of rank and leisure in scientific pursuits and in the society of men of letters. Among the company present were their Excellencies the Russian, Bavarian, Belgian, and American Ministers, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Glenelg, Lord Colborne, Sir James Graham, Sir George Clark, Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir Henry Bulwer, Sir George Staunton, Sir Charles Lemon, Hon. R. Clive, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, the principal academicians, geographers, arctic navigators, geologists, antiquaries, poets, historians, and several eminent members of Parliament, mostly with their ladies. The third and last *soirée* is fixed for this day week. Lord Rosse's *soirées*, as President of the Royal Society, are fixed for April 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 12th; and we trust the noble Earl will follow the example of President Murchison, in sending out cards of invitation to ladies.

Sir Roderick Murchison is still actively engaged in working out the details and bearings of his Silurian portion of the great geological systems. He has now a work in the press, entitled 'The Earliest Forms of Life, as disclosed in the Older Rocks,' in which it is intended to give a popular view of the earliest recognisable inhabitants of the surface of the globe, and of the revolutions which the strata have undergone in which they are imbedded, as developed in the Silurian rocks.

We hear, also, that the Lectures of Niebuhr on Ancient History, translated from the German, with additions and corrections by Dr. L. Schmitz, once a pupil of the historian, will shortly be published. The work consists of three volumes, comprising the history of all the nations of antiquity, with the exception of that of Rome. In his account of the Asiatic empires and of Egypt, Niebuhr is reported to have foretold, more than twenty years ago, the splendid discoveries which have been made in our own days by Mr. Layard and others. By far the greater portion of the work is devoted to the history of the Greeks and Macedonians.

The papers and correspondence of the Rev. Sydney Smith have been placed by his widow in the hands of Mrs. Austin, the accomplished translator of the works of Guizot, to be arranged for publication.

The sale of the late King Louis Philippe's private libraries is still proceeding at Paris, and still continues to create great interest. The libraries are rich in books on zoology, and on other branches of natural history, and in accounts of voyages round the world, or to distant places on scientific expeditions. For works of this kind the competition has been very keen, but still only moderate prices have been realised. Thus, Humboldt's and Bonpland's 'Journey in South America,' fetched 32*l.*; Dumont d'Urville's 'Voyage in the Corvette *Astrolabe*, in 1826 to 1829,' was knocked down for 22*l.* to the Director of the Royal Library at Brussels; the voyage of the same to the South Pole and Oceania, in 1837-40, fetched 13*l.*; a 'Natural History of Birds of Paradise,' with coloured figures, went for 10*l.*; one of Wasps, 8*l.*; and a collection of plates of Eagles (part of an edition published at London, at an expense of 400*l.*) went for 15*l.* Amongst the other lots which have been noticed is a 'Flavius Josephus,' printed on parchment, with miniatures, which fetched 118*l.*; a copy of the 'Thorsin d'Or,' by an old Bishop of Tournay, containing, as the title quaintly says, "An Account of the Great Deeds of the Princes of France, Burgundy, and Flanders, together with those of other Kings and

Princes of the Old and New Testaments," went for 6*l.* But what excites most interest of all is the approaching competition for the 'Roman de Perceforest,' or, (we translate the title) "The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and pleasant History of the most noble, victorious, and excellent King Perceforest, King of Great Britain." It is beyond compare the gem of the late king's libraries, and it will no doubt realise a large sum. Several Englishmen are now in Paris to bid for it, and we hope that one of them will succeed in getting it.

The Academy of Sciences in Paris held its general annual meeting on Monday last. A great number of prizes for different discoveries, chiefly medical, were awarded; and Lalande's astronomical prize was divided between Mr. Hind, of London, for the discovery of the planet Irene, and M. de Gasparis, of Naples, for the discovery of the planet Eunomia. M. Flourens then read an eulogium on Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, the distinguished naturalist, who died in 1844. After stating his early predilection for the natural sciences, and his appointment, at an extraordinary early age, as Professor of Zoology at the Jardin des Plantes, M. Flourens proceeded to describe his intimacy with Cuvier; their labours in common, the result of which was "a discovery every morning before breakfast;" his expedition to Egypt with Bonaparte, and his labours there; his subsequent studies; and finally, his grand controversy with Cuvier as to the "unity or variety of composition in animals"—in other words, whether all living things have a certain affinity between them, proceeding from one plan and one type, or whether they are of distinct types. Saint-Hilaire maintained the affirmative of the proposition, and Cuvier the negative, and their dissension created extraordinary sensation in the scientific world, and is still discussed by naturalists. M. Saint-Hilaire was of remarkable modesty, and was as estimable in private life as he was distinguished in science. He was convinced that no bounds can be fixed to the discoveries of science. But he was not one of those who think that the wonderful things which man has found out justify religious scepticism; and his eulogist relates of him that, though no one knew more of the mysteries of nature than he, he said to his daughter on his death-bed, "Be sure, O my child, that we shall meet again—there is another world!"

Among the most remarkable objects displayed in the gallery of antiquities in the British Museum, is a small statue, about two feet high, which is said to have been found in a grotto, in the Polledruxa, at Vulci. The figure is of marble, and of the highest possible interest to the archaeological student. The rigid style in which it is sculptured, the arrangement of the draperies, the arms, projecting from the sides in a stiff and formal manner, and the pose of the figure, all combine to indicate the early period at which it was formed. It appears to have been painted or stained so as to resemble a wooden statue, a circumstance which encourages the belief that it is in reality a copy of some yet earlier representation of an archaic divinity worshipped in the district in which it was discovered, probably long ere the Roman name was known. Those who have made the iconography of classical mythology their study will incline to this opinion, when reminded that the statue of Diana Ephesia was originally formed of wood, though, as Pliny tells us, people in his time were divided in opinion as to the kind of wood of which it was composed.

The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries was held at the Palace of Christiansborg, Copenhagen, on the 25th of February, his Majesty the King of Denmark presiding. Professor C. Rafn read the annual report of the Society's transactions, and described the chief contributions sent to their Archaeological Journal. Reports of various sub-committees were then read. Professor Wegner, V.P., read a paper 'On the Old Castles of Soborg and Adserbo, in the north of Iceland.' His Majesty then exhibited and made remarks on a collection of bronze antiquities, 164 in number, recently discovered in Iceland. Among the new Fellows elected at the meeting were H.M.

Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

A 'Scientific Congress,' as it is called, is now being held in Paris. It consists chiefly of deputations from learned or scientific associations in the provinces; but its proceedings, from the reports in the papers, do not appear to us to be of any very great general importance—nor, indeed, of a scientific character. What, for example, has the propriety of persuading railway and canal companies to divide equitably the goods they convey—or agricultural questions—or the trade in religious prints or images—or the advisability of reforming singing in village churches—to do with science? If the French Congress cannot find other matters to occupy itself with, it will never, we fear, realise its ambitious project of rivalling our great British Association.

A meeting of the working-classes was held last week at Edinburgh, over which the Duke of Argyll was called to preside, with a view to consider the best means of suppressing the drunkenness to which Scotland is still too notorious, and otherwise to promote the elevation of the working classes. An eloquent and effective speech was made by the noble chairman, full of shrewd sense and good feeling. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist and editor of the 'Witness,' who gave some interesting reminiscences of his own early life when engaged in manual labour. Mr. R. Chambers also spoke well, after which several working-men addressed the meeting. Among other practical measures, the benefits of which are extending, were mentioned, the opening of coffee-houses and reading-rooms—fewer licences being granted to low tippling houses—building societies, affording improved house-accommodation to the poor, and the changing of the operative pay-night from Saturday to earlier in the week. Mr. Chambers and other employers said they had done this, and also given a half-holiday on Saturday for many years, and found it for their own interest, as well as for the good of the workmen and their families.

The official report of the Board of Trade on the loss of the *Amazon* has now been published, in which a clear and succinct account is given of all that has been ascertained concerning that catastrophe. It is stated in that report that the ship was furnished with boats sufficient to have saved the whole crew and passengers, and the chief loss seems to have arisen from the difficulty of the boats being lowered and disengaged from the ship. In commenting on this, the report states that "the means of lowering boats evenly, and of readily disengaging the tackles, together with plugs which are self-acting, are desiderata wanting throughout the naval service." An attempt to supply these defects is described in 'A Letter on the Management of Ships' Boats,' addressed to the President of the Board of Trade, by W. Stirling Lacon, Esq., H.C.S. Mr. Lacon's letter is clearly and ably written, and the arrangements proposed by him are worthy of careful consideration.

The church of St. Paul, Covent-garden, of the many historic associations of which we lately spoke, is receiving other improvements, under the charge of its present zealous and intelligent churchwardens. Two stained glass windows have been executed by Mr. E. Baillie, of Wardour-street, whose works at the Great Exhibition were much admired. The effect of these windows is very agreeable; and, in addition to their merits as works of art, they have interest as showing that stained glass decoration can be happily introduced into classic architecture. Common sense and good taste may surely refuse servilely to copy gothic examples, even although Roman and Grecian art can offer no models in this style of decoration.

A circular has been issued by the Society of Antiquaries in London to the secretaries of local associations throughout the country, requesting a statement of their views as to the proposal of Mr. Harry Carter for the connexion of the provincial institutions with the metropolitan Society. A list of queries is sent, to which replies in writing are requested, and it is also proposed to have a meeting in London

soon after Easter, when representatives from the country will meet, with the Council of the Society of Arts, to deliberate on the best means of carrying out the proposal, the general feeling in favour of which seems to be strong.

We are glad to find that the frequent and fierce newspaper grumbings about cabs and omnibuses are at length condensing into practical measures. A London and Westminster Joint Stock Cab Company, and a Metropolitan Omnibus Company, are being formed. Better vehicles, cheaper fares, and more civil servants, are the advantages promised to the public, with excellent dividends to the proprietors. Cabs at sixpence a mile, and omnibuses at cheap fares, with the Parisian system of correspondences, are improvements most desirable, and certain to be remunerative to the companies, if managed with ordinary care.

The Government of the United States has despatched an armed squadron to the coasts of the Japanese Empire, under Commodore Perry, one of the best officers in the American navy. The exact object of the expedition is not very clearly stated. The 'New York Courier,' upon a statement on which 'The Times' founds a leading article, says, "We have instituted inquiries as to the objects of the expedition, and are gratified to learn that it is designed to be entirely peaceful in its character, but at the same time sufficiently imposing to command respect in the enforcement of justice, and of sufficient strength to enforce compliance with all proper demands." The Empire of Japan has hitherto been sealed against strangers far more closely than ever China was. The Portuguese and Dutch at one time obtained some footing as traders, but for a long period the Japanese have only allowed two Dutch ships and two Chinese junks to enter once a year the port of Nangasaki. The last English ship that visited Nangasaki was the *Samarang*, well-nigh forty years having elapsed since an English ship of war, the *Phaeton*, had appeared in that port. Of these two visits, and of all that is known about Japan, the best and fullest account is given in 'The Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. *Samarang*,' by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R.N., the commander of the expedition. Whatever be the immediate object of the American expedition, the result will be the opening of a new and vast region of the world to commerce, civilization, and Christianity. The Empire of Japan covers an area of more than 100,000 square miles, with an immense extent of coast, and about 30,000,000 inhabitants. Not only is all commercial intercourse with foreigners prohibited, but even vessels in distress are fired upon if they approach the shores, and it is said that many American sailors are detained in cruel bondage. The Americans will doubtless make terms for themselves as to commercial privileges, but they will also demand for all nations the rights recognised by the people of civilized countries, such as the liberty of refuge on the coasts, and the protection of the government while on the territory.

A Breslau correspondent informs us, that circumstances, and especially the political enmity of the Prussian government, have reduced Professor Nees von Esenbeck to the necessity of selling his Herbarium by public auction. On this occasion, the world is at length informed of some of the details of this remarkable and famous collection. It consists of 340 volumes (with the addition of fifty-seven double numbers), arranged after Lindley's system. Each volume contains from 100 to 120 different specimens, especially of plants from the Indies, the Cape, Australia, and South America. There is also a volume of Brazilian plants, as yet unclassified; five volumes of *plantæ Wightianæ*, and three volumes of Japanese plants (unclassified). The cellular plants are in eighty-four volumes. There are also eight volumes of *Filicales*, one volume of *Balanophoræ*, two volumes of *Sileneæ*, one volume of *Equisetaceæ*, &c. &c. The whole of the volumes have been valued at 12,000 dollars, which would give an average of thirty dollars per volume.

In the German publishing world there appear to be no works which require so small an outlay of

talent, and which furnish so safe a speculation, as the books on Goethe. The last addition to this catalogue has been published at Berlin, under the title of 'Goethe in Letters and Conversations, with his remarks on the world and mankind, on science, literature, and art.' "It is," says the *Kölnischer Zeitung*, "a collection of the most important and spiritual opinions and expressions of the great man, extracted from the writings of Eckermann, Riemer, Schoell, and his correspondence with —." Here follows the list of the usual correspondents. If anything can shake our faith in Goethe, it is this morbid desire of the Germans to exalt him.

Dr. John Overbeck, a German antiquary of some repute, and acting Secretary of the Association of Rhenish Antiquaries, has undertaken to publish, and just issued the first part of a 'Gallery of Heroic Imagery of Ancient Art.' Mr. Schwetschke, at Halle, is the publisher of this work, of which it is easy to foresee that it will be honourable to all the parties concerned in it. The plates are excellent, and the text, which is intended to illustrate and explain the antique images and statues representing the deeds and fates of ancient heroes, treats in the part now published of the *Ædipus* legends. There can be no doubt that since Lessing's 'Laocöon,' this promises to be the most important work on artistic philology which Germany can boast of. But in this instance, too, Lessing has shown the way, and smoothed it.

Frau Talvj, a polyglott lady, whose nationality it is difficult to determine, but who writes in German, has just published a book named 'Heloise,' of which we are informed that it is a "romantic picture of life on an historical foundation." So far, so well. It has, however, no connexion whatever with the 'Abelard and Heloise,' for Frau Talvj, instead of conducting her readers to Paris and the South of France, establishes them in a German capital, and afterwards takes them to Southern Russia, and into the midst of a Caucasian campaign. M. Brockhaus of Leipsic is the fortunate publisher of Talvj's 'Heloise.'

Accounts from Egypt mention that the English company which lately treated with the Pasha for renewing the working of the abandoned emerald mine near Mount Zabarah, have already commenced operations, and have found at a great depth a gallery formed by the ancients, and containing tools and utensils of great antiquity. From some hieroglyphics on a stone, it appears that the gallery was worked so far back as the reign of Rameses.

By the last file of Singapore papers we learn that Madam Pfeiffer, after a short residence at Sarawak, during which she visited one of the villages of the mountain Dyaks, had started for the Sakarran river, which she meant to ascend as far as navigable, and from thence to cross to the upper part of the Pontianak river, said to be distant about two days' journey. She was then to descend the latter stream to Pontianak, and after visiting the Dutch settlements on Borneo, proceed onwards to Celebes.

The Belgians are now displaying a marked interest in all that relates to natural history, and are establishing museums and zoological establishments in many of their large towns. A scheme is now on foot for forming one of the latter, on a grand scale, at Brussels; and King Leopold, who takes great interest in natural history, and in all matters of science, has extended to it his special patronage.

Wolfgang Müller, the poet of the Rhine, and the most melodious among the poets of our time, is engaged on a grand work, 'The Queen of May, an Idyl of the Rhine.' Another attempt at a grand production has been made by Herr Gruppe, who, like many of his countrymen before him, dares to disturb the ashes of Charlemagne by making him the hero of an epic trilogy, of which the headings are: 'Queen Bertha, Charles and Hildegard, and Eginhard and Emma.'

The 'Buena Novella,' a weekly paper, started at Turin by the Vaudois, has reached its twentieth number. It was put in the Index Expurgatorius

at Rome, on which the circulation rose six hundred in one week. The editor is M. Mielle, formerly one of the professors at the College of La Tour, in Piedmont.

Dr. Carové, a German prose writer of small merit, who at one time enjoyed some degree of popularity, died at Heidelberg, on the 18th inst.

The Archduchess Sophia of Austria, the Emperor's mother, has inscribed her name in the catalogue of illustrious and royal authors, by addressing a rather dull poem to General Count Radetzky.

An 'Archæological Congress' is to be held at Dijon in France, in June next.

Gutzlaff's life of the Emperor Tao-kwang has been published in a German translation by Herr Lork of Leipsic.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 27th.—The Duke of Northumberland, F.R.S., President, in the chair. Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., F.R.S., 'On three important Chemical Discoveries from the Exhibition of 1851'—1. Mercer's Contraction of Cotton by Alkalies; 2. Young's Paraffine and Mineral Oil from Coal; 3. Schrötter's Amorphous Phosphorus.

Mercer's process consists in bringing cotton fabrics in contact with a solution of soda (cold), or a solution of dilute sulphuric acid, by subjecting it to either of which processes cotton acquires certain remarkable properties. In the first place, the texture becomes very much corrugated, and hence proportionably finer; it also assumes acid properties, rendering it more capable of taking up dyes. The process of induction which led Mr. Mercer to his final discovery was curious. He started from the point of investigating the laws which determined the flow of water at various temperatures through minute tubes. From water he proceeded to aqueous saline solutions; from tubes he proceeded to their equivalent, namely, closely-folded woven tissue. Selecting for this purpose a thick reduplication of calico, fold on fold, and employing an aqueous solution of soda, Mr. Mercer found that, by passing the solution through the calico, soda was removed. This removal he attributed to the act of filtration; but, subsequently finding that mere immersion of the calico in the same solution effected a like result, he concluded that the result was due to an actual combination of the cotton with the soda—a calico-ate of soda (if the lecturer might be permitted that form of expression) was generated. The result of this agency of soda was, as formerly remarked, a physical corrugation, and an acquisition of certain chemical qualities. The former change was evident to the eye. Dr. Playfair exhibited two stockings, one of which was nearly double the size of the other, although both came equal in size from the loom. The difference had been occasioned solely by chemical not mechanical agency. Dr. Playfair, in developing the numerous practical applications of this physical effect, showed that, besides the most obvious one of producing a material of increased fineness, the cotton thus prepared was far more capable of being dyed. Hot soda solution would not answer; and this fact was remarkable, and had its analogue in those salts which deposited themselves anhydrous on boiling. Instead of soda, sulphuric acid might be employed; in which case it formed, in combination with the cotton fibre, an easily decomposable conjugate acid.

Some years ago, Liebig stated that one of the greatest discoveries of chemistry would consist in converting coal-gas into a solid form, thus enabling it to be burned like a candle. This had, in a manner, been accomplished by Mr. Young. About three years since, Dr. Playfair drew the attention of Mr. Young to a spring of mineral oil, containing paraffine, and occurring in a coal-mine in Derbyshire. The liquid had been extensively applied by Mr. Young as a lubricating agent: a use which Reichenbach had long ago suggested. After a period, however, this spring ceased to flow, when Mr. Young applied himself to an investigation of the theoretical conditions under which it might be artificially formed. This gentleman saw that it

would be difficult to convert gas into an allotropic form, whereas it was evident that gas must first come from a solid; hence he hoped to succeed in procuring the body before it assumed its gaseous state. The illuminating portion of coal gas consists chiefly of olefiant gas, and the latter is isomeric with solid paraffine. But the allotropism does not end here; the peculiar slow distillation of coals yielding solid paraffine, also yielded another isomeric or allotropic compound in the form of a lubricating oil, besides the additional products of a burning oil, and naphtha. Dr. Playfair now explained, by the aid of a diagram, the slow distillation process of Mr. Young, employed in generating his allotropic form of olefiant gas, and directed the attention of his audience to some candles made of coal paraffine on the lecture table.

Schröter's process of manufacturing amorphous or allotropic phosphorus was the third in Dr. Playfair's series. The properties of phosphorus in its ordinary condition are well known. It is spontaneously inflammable and highly poisonous; whereas the amorphous or allotropic phosphorus is neither spontaneously inflammable nor poisonous. Hence his great use in the manufacture of lucifer and congrue matches; an operation which not only imperilled the premises wherein it is conducted, but also the lives of those conducting it, causing the most frightful and fatal disease of the jaws and facial bones. Common phosphorus, when heated to about 460 or 480, changes into the allotropic condition, but a slight increment of heat changes it back again. Hence the manufacture of this substance on a large scale is attended with difficulties which Dr. Playfair had no doubt would be eventually overcome by the energy of Mr. Sturge the patentee. The specific gravity of ordinary phosphorus is 1.77—of amorphous phosphorus, 1.964. Common phosphorus is soluble in bi-sulphuret of carbon, whereas the amorphous variety is not. Common phosphorus bursts into flame when brought into contact with iodine, whereas the amorphous or allotropic variety does not. Common phosphorus is luminous at very low temperatures, whereas the amorphous variety only commences to be luminous at a temperature of 500° F. In forming lucifer matches by means of allotropic phosphorus, there is experienced the difficulty that it does not ignite by friction; hence it has to be mixed either with chlorate of potash, oxide of lead, or sulphuret of antimony, when friction takes effect and generates flame.

ASIATIC.—March 20th.—The Director, Professor Wilson, in the chair. Dr. James Bird delivered a lecture 'On the Best Method of Pursuing Ethnological Research, in Illustration of the History of the Human Race.' In opposition to Kaimes, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Professor Agassiz of Switzerland, who maintain that the varieties of man must have sprung from numerous originals, Dr. Bird, on the broad basis of analogy, that permanence of character, whether in the physical or moral development of races, is not the physiological law of organization, drew the inference that mankind were of monogenetic origin. In proof of this conclusion, he showed that different mental and corporeal peculiarities soon become developed in members of the same family, when exposed to varieties of atmosphere and climate, differences of locality and social condition, with other moral and physical influences. Such, he said, was the ultimate conviction of the great author of 'Kosmos,' and the deliberate opinion of our own learned and philosophic Prichard, who had adduced satisfactory proof that the diversified races of man are not separated from each other by insurmountable barriers. Much stress had been laid on the colour of the skin and the form of the cranium, as means of determining the affinities of races; but both were liable to great variations among men whose cognate languages proved them to be modified types of the same original. Hence ethnological conclusions, based on physiological differences, were, at the best, extremely vague and hypothetical. Many striking facts in support of this opinion, and particularly regarding different races of animals,

were brought forward. Dr. Bird then showed that archaeological researches into the customs, traditions, astronomical and numerical systems, remains of ancient art or architecture, and palæography, afforded more aid in ethnological research, and ethnographic classification, than could be derived from the natural history of man. But, in the absence of all authentic history, the comparative philology of languages, comprehending the formation of words and their grammatical structure, was, he thought, the only sure foundation for ethnology. He then gave a rapid sketch of the striking historical conclusions which had been obtained from the analytical comparison of languages now spoken by the four great races of men in Asia and Europe. These families are the Indo-European, Ilgro-Tartarian, Indo-Chinese, and Syro-Arabian. The first of these, comprehending the Celtic, Hellenic, Germanic, and Slavonic ancestors of the European nations, had a common origin, and sprang from the same family which gave birth, in Upper Asia, to the Medes, Persians, and Hindoos. In proof of this connexion, many tabular forms of the Indo-European affinities of words and numerals were given; some of which affinities, from the Sanscrit to the Gaelic- Proper, and Gothic, were so striking, as at once to carry conviction of the Eastern origin of the European nations. An interesting historical abstract of the various migrations of the Celts, Goths, Huns, Scandinavians, into Europe, from the time of Herodotus, B.C. 445, to the middle of the fifth century of our own era, was then given. In regard to our own country, Dr. Bird considered that evidence was not defective in proof of the opinion that an Iberian or Aquitanian race, remarkable for swarthy complexion and curled hair, according to Tacitus, was older in Great Britain than either the Celtic or Cymric race. The earliest stream of eastern migration which reached this island appears to have been in the sixth century B.C., at which time, as we learn from Herodotus (iv. 13), the Cymri, or Cimmerians, then dwelling on the shores of the Euxine, between the Don and the Dniester, were driven by the Massagete and Asiatic Scythians from Sarmatia across the latter river into Dacia. The great commotion this occasioned among the nomadic tribes of Asia, brought the Eastern Celts at that time into the central parts of Europe, and into contact with the western tribes of the same people. It was Dr. Bird's opinion that, excepting the Saxons, who were a confederacy of tribes belonging to the western Germanic race, the Jutes, Angles, and Frisians, who originally peopled this country, were more Northmen than Germans, and therefore of Scandinavian origin. The whole subject of ethnological investigation seemed, he said, to be so peculiarly the business of Oriental scholars, suited as it was to their study of Oriental languages and their knowledge of Oriental history, that he had been induced to bring it before the Asiatic Society.

ANTIQUARIES.—March 18th.—Sir Robert H. Inglis, Vice-President, in the chair. The invitation to the Fellows, by the Architectural Society of Northampton, to attend a meeting in that town, on the 14th of April, was announced from the chair, and Fellows desirous of attending were requested to give their names to the Secretaries. Mr. Thomas Leech was admitted, and the Reverend Richard Lane Freer was elected a Fellow. Mr. Cole communicated a transcript of a list of the Regalia made for the coronation of Charles the Second, and used at that of his successor, including the weight and value of the several objects. Sir Charles Young furnished a transcript of a curious document which had been lent him by a friend—namely, an account of the expenses of the train of the Elector Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, from the time of their departure from England to that of their arrival within the territories of the Palatinate. These charges were evidently on the same scale of prodigality as those of the marriage ceremonies, the enormous cost of which, it is well known, bequeathed to the son of James an empty coffer, and finally led to the imposition of the ship money, and its consequences. The

amount was vouched by the Duke of Lennox and the Viscount Lisle, and declared before the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain; the Earl of Worcester, Master of the Horse; Lord Knollys, Treasurer of the Household; Lord Wootton, Comptroller; and Sir Julius Caesar, Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer. A note was read from Mr. Adey Repton, stating his belief that the instruments recently presented by him to the Society, and known by the name of Catchpolls, were of a date perhaps as old as the time of Edward the Third, but certainly not later than Henry the Eighth.

ZOOLOGICAL.—March 23rd.—Professor Owen, Vice-President, in the chair. The papers read were:—1. 'Additional evidence relating to the Dodo,' by W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-President of the Society. The particulars of this paper appear in an article communicated to us at p. 302. 2. 'On the species of *Sericinus*, a genus of Butterflies,' by Mr. G. R. Gray, F.L.S. In the 'Transactions' of the Entomological Society, Mr. Westwood introduced a Lepidopterous genus under the name of *Sericinus*, which he founded on bad specimens of an insect sent from Shanghai by Mr. Fortune, and thus supposed to comprise 'both sexes' of the insects figured by Donovan in his 'Insects of China,' under the appellation of *Papilio Telamon*, "no specimen of which," as Mr. Westwood justly observed, "was then known to exist in any continental or British collections." Later Mr. Fortune has returned to this country with many specimens of the insect in a more perfect state, enabling Mr. Gray to take up the genus, and to define the characters of each species. Mr. Gray endeavoured to show that what had been regarded as two sexes are two distinct species. 3. 'Notes on the Dissection of a new Species of *Galago*,' by Mr. W. H. Flower. The details of this paper were purely anatomical. 4. 'On a new species of Goose from China, collected by the late Lieut. Ince at Shanghai,' by John Gould, Esq., F.R.S. This goose resembles the Grey Lag Goose, *Anser ferus*, in the form of the bill, but the upper and under mandibles, together with their terminal points, are black, and there is a light-coloured space or bar between the nostrils and the end of the bill. In the general colour of the plumage the bird has a strong resemblance to the Bean Goose, *Anser segetum*; it differs, however, from this last in size, and by its thick and powerful bill, which is further characterised by being unusually strongly serrated. Mr. Bartlett, who had made a special study of the Geese, fully confirmed Mr. Gould's opinion of the specific value of the bird in question, and the author proposed to distinguish it by the name *Anser serrirostris*. Mr. Augustus Smith exhibited an interesting young specimen of the Whiskered Tern, killed in Scilly.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—March 23rd.—James M. Rendel, Esquire, President, in the chair. The first paper read was 'On the Results of the use of Tubular Boilers, or of Flue Boilers of Inadequate Surface, or Imperfect Absorption of Heat,' by Admiral Earl Dundonald. This paper advocated the general introduction of what were termed 'economical heat trap boilers,' or boilers having vertical water tubes, instead of oblique fire tubes, contained within a chamber, into the upper of which the hot products of combustion were introduced, and allowed to circulate until, by the abstraction of heat, they descended to the bottom, and passed into the chimney at a temperature little exceeding that of boiling water. From some trials which had been made at Woolwich and Chatham in 1844, as well as from the experience which had been gained by their actual application to some of the North American Transatlantic steam packets, and some in the service of the Emperor of Russia, it was contended that these boilers possessed greater evaporative powers, and were more economical than those ordinarily in use: and, moreover, that their safety was much greater, owing to the products of combustion passing into the chimney at a very low temperature, instead of the usual high temperature, from which

it was apprehended much danger had been, and might still be incurred.

The second paper read was 'On certain points in the construction of Marine Boilers,' by Mr. J. Scott Russel, M. Inst. C.E. The author having arrived at certain practical results relative to the construction of marine boilers, put them into practice about ten years back, in designing the boilers for the Royal Mail Steam Packets *Clyde, Tay, Tweed*, and *Teriot*; and as they had been in constant work ever since, running from 42,000 miles to 48,000 miles per annum, without material repairs, he believed their durability, combined with effective combustion and economy of fuel, had been fully established. The principles on which these boilers were constructed differed from those generally recognised. In the first place, it was considered that a judicious distribution of the most intensely heated surfaces would be conducive to durability; and for this purpose, instead of returning the flues over the furnaces, the top of the furnaces and the hottest flues were brought to the surface of the water, and the cooler, or return flues, were taken to the bottom of the water. The water was admitted at the bottom and was gradually warmed as it rose, the greatest heat being imparted at the last moment, by which means the bubbles of steam were prevented from accumulating in contact with intensely heated metal. In the next place the capacity of the furnaces, or fire boxes, was unusually large, and their height above the incandescent fuel much greater than usual. The evaporating surface in these boilers was also much more than customary, there being no less than three feet of evaporating surface for every foot of furnace bars. The process of blowing off was provided for by arranging under the flues and furnaces large water spaces, as reservoirs for the collection and blowing off brine and other deposit.

The last paper was 'A description of a Diaphragm Steam Generator,' by M. Boutigny (d'Evreux). The principle upon which this steam generator was based, was that "bodies evaporate only from their surfaces." This being received as an axiom, it must necessarily follow that in the construction of steam boilers, either the evaporating surface of metal should be extended to its utmost limit, or the water should be so divided, and its evaporating surfaces be so multiplied, as to arrive at the same end, of obtaining the greatest amount of steam by the expenditure of the least amount of fuel. The steam generator was described to consist of a vertical cylinder of wrought iron, 25 inches high by 12½ inches diameter; the base terminating in a hemispherical end, and the upper part closed by a curved lid, upon which was attached the usual steam and safety valves, feed steam, and other pipes, &c. The interior contained a series of diaphragms of wrought iron, pierced with a number of fine holes, and having alternately convex and concave surfaces. They were suspended by three iron rods, at given distances apart, in such a manner as not to be in contact with the heated exterior, or shell of the boiler. When any water was admitted through the feed pipe it fell upon the upper (convex) disc, which had a tendency to spread it to the periphery, the largest quantity falling through the perforations in the shape of globules; the second diaphragm being concave, tended to direct the fluid from the circumference to the centre, and so on, until if any fluid reached the bottom of the cylinder, it mingled with a thin film of water in a high state of ebullition, that being the hottest part of the boiler. It appeared, however, that in its transit through these diaphragms, the water was so divided, that exposing a very large surface to the caloric, it was transformed into steam with great rapidity, and with great economy of fuel. The boiler described had been worked for a long time at Paris with great success, giving motion to a steam-engine of two horses' power. The consumption of coal was stated to be very small, 789 lbs. of water having been converted into steam by 182 lbs. of coal in nine hours, under a pressure of ten atmospheres. The chemical part of the question was carefully examined, and it was shown, that at that tempera-

ture the iron was exactly in the best condition to bear strain.

R. S. OF LITERATURE.—*March 17th.*—Sir John Doratt in the chair. A short paper was read by Mr. P. Colquhoun, 'On the Laws among the Greeks and Romans regulating the Practice of Usury.' Mr. Birch, in a *vivâ-voce* address, brought forward many curious details respecting the relations between Egypt and the people named *Khita*, on the monuments. The *Khita* were formerly believed to have been inhabitants of Abyssinia; but the researches of more recent Egyptologists—e. g. of Mr. Osborn, Chevalier Bunsen, and Colonel Rawlinson, show them to have inhabited nearer Egypt, and seem to identify them with the Hittites, whose country was the northern part of Canaan. Much light was thrown by Mr. Birch on this difficult portion of Egyptian history, chiefly from the following documents, which were translated by him *vivâ-voce*—viz., an inscription in Rosellini, respecting the diplomatic intercourse between Egypt and the neighbouring nations; the document known as the Sollier Papyrus, recording the praise of Rameses the Great, after his victory over the *Khita*; the treaty of Rameses with the chief of the *Khita*. This last is found in Burton's 'Excerpta Hieroglyphica.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Mr. C. B. Mansfield, on the Chemistry of the Metals.)
— Chemical, 8 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
— Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(Charles Jellicoe, Esq., on the conditions which give rise to surplus in Life Assurance Companies, and on the amount of the return, or 'Bonus,' which such conditions will justify.)
— School of Mines—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
- Tuesday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. T. W. Jones, on Animal Physiology.)
— Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Mr. G. Donaldson, on the Drainage of the Town of Richmond.)
— School of Mines—(Mechanics, 11 a.m.)—(Metallurgy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
- Wednesday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Mr. C. B. Mansfield, on the Chemistry of the Metals.)
— Society of Arts, 8 p.m.
— Ethnological.—(An extra meeting.)—(Mr. Richard Cull, on the Ethnography of Africa.)
— School of Mines—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 3 p.m.)
- Thursday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Rev. J. Barlow, on the Physical Principles of the Steam Engine.)
— Royal, 8½ p.m.
— Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
— School of Mines.—(Mechanics, 11 a.m.)—(Metallurgy, 1 p.m.)—(Mineralogy, 3 p.m.)
- Friday.**—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Sir C. Lyell, on the Blackheath Pebble-bed, and on certain phenomena in the Geology of the neighbourhood of London.)
— Botanical, 8 p.m.
— Philological, 8 p.m.
— Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.
— Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.
— School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
- Saturday.**—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Prof. W. T. Brande, on some of the Arts connected with Organic Chemistry.) [No meetings in Passion and Easter Weeks.]
— Asiatic, 2 p.m.
— Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

An Investigation of the Principles of Athenian Architecture; or, the Results of a Recent Survey, conducted chiefly with reference to the Optical Refinements exhibited in the Construction of the Ancient Buildings at Athens. By Francis Cranmer Penrose, Archt., M.A. Published by the Society of Dilettanti. Longman and Co. and Murray.

WITH the antiquities of Athens, the name of the Society of Dilettanti has been for the last century most intimately associated. Instituted in the year 1734, "by some gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, and were desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their entertainment abroad," the first work it publicly produced, in 1769, was that which is well known under the title of 'Ionian Antiquities,' being a minute and scientific account of certain ruins in Greece, the remains of the Temple of Bacchus, at Teos, and others, under the super-

intendence of Messrs. Chandler and Revett, assisted by the artist Pars. In the introduction to the 'Ionian Antiquities,' the following passage, explanatory of the principles of the Society, and in some measure serving as its introduction to the public, occurs:—

"As this narrative professes the strictest regard to truth, it would be disingenuous to insinuate that a serious plan for the promotion of the Arts was the only motive for forming this Society. Friendly and social intercourse was undoubtedly the first great object in view; but while in this respect no set of men ever kept more religiously to their original institution, it is to be hoped this work will show that they have not for that reason abandoned the cause of virtù, in which they are also engaged, or forfeited their pretensions to that character which is implied in the name they have assumed."

Whether this somewhat apologetic declaration was or was not advanced in answer to an old piece of scandal, associated with the name of Walpole, which has survived to our times, imputing to the members of the Society of that day the charge of excesses at their social meetings, inconsistent at least with the character of promoters of the Fine Arts, we know not; but the public acts of this distinguished Society have obviated the necessity of any assurances of this kind to prove the sincerity of its aspirations.

To its valuable assistance, Stuart was mainly indebted for the publication of the works upon Athens which have made his name famous, and which, after having guided and instructed the taste of our architects for a century, are still the substratum of all modern knowledge and theory on the buildings of Greece. The issue of these important volumes took place at intervals from 1762 to 1816. A letter addressed to the Society in 1798 by James Barry, R.A., proves the high estimation which he entertained at that period of its influence over the taste of the public in matters of art. In the years 1809 and 1835 two volumes of another work by the Society appeared, entitled 'Specimens of Ancient Sculpture,' prepared after the example of the 'Museo Pio-Clementino,' by Visconti, in Italy, and in the same style as the concluding volume of the splendid *Musée Française* under Napoleon, with figures and descriptions of various pieces of antique sculpture in England, many of which were in the then Townley collection, but the majority in the cabinet of Mr. Richard Payne Knight. They were accompanied by an essay from the pen of the latter gentleman, 'On the Symbolical Language of Greek Art,' and it was in connexion with him, though not with this one of his productions, that the Society was attacked by the malignant writer of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' in the notes to that poem; but Mr. R. P. Knight's personal quarrel was the only part of the lampoon that survived its first publication, and that only in a few words of reply in the preface to his 'Progress of Civil Society,' 1796. In 1817 appeared 'The Unedited Antiquities of Attica,' under the auspices of the Society, chiefly relating to the temples at Eleusis, near Athens, containing not only the "bird's-eye views" of Sir William Gell, with the fame of which every reader of the 'Childe Harold' is acquainted, but very elaborate and valuable measurements of the Propylæa of the temple at Eleusis, especially worthy of study, as having been formed on the model of the similar structure at Athens. Since the last-mentioned period, the publications of the Society have been confined to private circulation until the present year, when another work has appeared in the same track of discovery and restoration, inferior to none of its predecessors in science and beauty of illustration, and probably superior to them in accuracy of calculation. The proposition with which the work originated was addressed by Mr. Francis C. Penrose to the British Museum, in 1846. Having resided in Athens as Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge, and whilst pursuing a course of study for his profession, he suggested to the trustees of the Museum that an accurate measurement, by instruments of greater delicacy than had hitherto been employed, of the slight

deviations from rectilinear surfaces, presented by parts of the Parthenon and other buildings, would be highly advantageous, and that, if armed with their authority, he would undertake to supply the instruments, and perform the task himself, provided also a small sum were advanced by Her Majesty's consul for the necessary expenses of scaffolding. The trustees were compelled to decline this advantageous and liberal offer on the ground of its being foreign to the purposes for which they were incorporated, and it was afterwards referred to and accepted by the Society of Dilettanti. It remains for us briefly to recount those points in which Mr. Penrose's investigations have advanced or improved upon our former knowledge.

Were the inquiry practicable within the present limits, it might be a study of interest and advantage to perceive how, in the Parthenon, as in other consummate productions of human art, a gradual development of its merits has taken place, and points which escape the notice of one set of observers are revealed to the more educated eyes of their successors in the pursuit. Thus three refinements in the structural composition of the Parthenon, of which Stuart had no notion, have been discovered by after investigators. The entasis, or swell of the columns, was detected by Mr. Cockerell in 1810; the slope of their axes, mentioned by Vitruvius, and called the Vitruvian inclination, was reserved for Professor Donaldson in 1829; and lastly, the convex curves of the stylobate or floor of the building, and also of the architrave, both length and breadthways, was first disclosed to Mr. John Pennethorne, who noticed it to certain friends in 1837, and afterwards published an account in a private pamphlet. Meanwhile the curves were noticed by Messrs. Hofer and Schaubert, in a publication at Vienna. It is to the complete establishment of the fact of these systematic variations, and also to the determination of their extent, that Mr. Penrose's researches have been directed. After a chapter devoted to a general description of the Acropolis, recording its features, which were never in late years so unencumbered as at present; mentioning also the supposed fabulous marks of Neptune's trident recently discovered under the pavement of the portico of the Erechtheum; and describing the beautiful effects of shadow, arising from the absence of parallelism in the buildings, the writer proceeds to the ground-plan, which is illustrated by three plates.

In the course of this chapter it is shown that from independent sources the Greek foot may be set down accurately at 1.0125 English foot, 100 of which give 101.25 English feet for the breadth of the Parthenon, or Hecatompodon, as from this circumstance it was anciently called. This tallies with the corrected mean breadth as measured by Mr. Penrose, to within one inch—a result nearer than that of Stuart, and one which affords an interesting proof by coincidence of both the previously deduced facts. For the instances of proportion afterwards noticed, of which the most remarkable is that of the flank to the front of the upper step, which = $\frac{3}{2}$, we must refer to the details of the work. The question of the beams of the roof introduces the 'unexplained difficulty' of the Hypæthrum, on the solution of which Mr. Penrose refers to Mr. Fergusson's suggestion in his 'Principles of Beauty in Art.'

The second section is devoted to the elevation of the Parthenon, where the inclination of the columns is the chief point to be illustrated. In the course of this chapter an explanation is afforded of the phrase, 'scamilli impares,' of Vitruvius, hitherto apparently misunderstood. It means literally, 'unequal footstools,' and refers to the highest and lowest 'drum' of each column. The meaning may be roughly conveyed by saying, that the height of the lowest drum is not the same all round; one part of it is higher than the other, thus communicating a slope to all the drums of exactly equal length, that are placed upon it. A similar arrangement in the topmost drum secures a level surface for the abacus, on which the architrave is placed. These differences are also carefully measured to the thousandth part of a foot. We then

have an account of the sub-basement of the temple, or the foundations of the older building that was destroyed by the Persians, and a chapter on the joining of the stones in the courses and shafts. A section is then devoted to the minute admeasurement of the curvature of the horizontal lines, which shows a rise and fall of about half-an-inch in every hundred feet of length in the floor of the Jupiter Olympius; more than an inch in every hundred feet of the Theseum; nearly three inches in the same distance for the front, and nearly two for the flank, of the Parthenon, about two inches being the rise in a hundred feet of the entablature of the same building, and of the Propylæa.

The inclination of the columns is next treated of in a no less elaborate manner.

The admeasurement of the entasis of the pillars has been conducted on the same minute scale, by means of strained wire, and is for the most part conclusive to show that the curve in question is in all cases a hyperbola, of which the elements have in many instances been deduced by Mr. Penrose: we say, for the most part, as the only doubt lies between that and a conchoid, which latter curve is, however, for various reasons rejected.

It is equally certain that the mouldings of these temples are conic sections; with one exception, the cymatium of the Parthenon, which is circular. In some instances, however, the original moulding appears to have undergone a correction after its original make, perhaps for the sake of effect, which is at variance with geometrical accuracy. This, however, is a rare exception. In all the above theories as to mouldings, where the utmost skill has been shown by the writer, and much ingenuity exhibited in suggesting certain means of striking the curves which may have been employed by the Greeks, the great difficulty seems to be, the admission of the fact of their sufficient knowledge of the properties of these curves, the discovery of which history usually assigns to a far later period.

The Polychromy of the Parthenon, one of the subjects on which the greatest doubt remains, is again illustrated, and that by some very beautiful coloured drawings, and amongst them by one at least extremely happy conjectural restoration. In this state of knowledge the question is confessedly an open one, consequently colour is almost always omitted in the common elevations of the Parthenon, and with some inconsistency this is repeated in the sketch of one of the angles given in the first plate of the present work. No green or red is given on the triglyphs or the mutules, though traces of it are plainly to be seen. This colouring might have been risked; but though of uniform tinting, the drawing in the first plate is of remarkable excellence and beauty of effect. Some picturesque vignettes dispersed through the volume deserve notice, particularly one taken from the giddy top of a pillar of Jupiter Olympius, showing the far-off windings of the Saronic gulf, relieved by a Corinthian capital and its entablature in front of the spectator.

On the subject of the Propylæa, some plates have been contributed by the artist who accompanied Mr. Penrose, Mr. J. T. Willson, of no less minuteness in measurement. The Theseion, and the great Temple of Jupiter, so far as the latter can be made out, have been also described, the latter for the first time, with this high degree of accuracy. The plates are forty in number, to which is added a supplementary one, illustrating the simple properties of the sections of the cone.

The theoretical portion of this work is not very extensive, nor are the views of any great novelty, though brought together in a useful and compact form. On the curvature of the horizontal lines, we are at one time reminded that the soffit of the architrave slopes down to the sea level; elsewhere, we learn that a probable cause of the curvature was a desire to assimilate the artificial front to the only horizontal line in nature—viz., that of the sea, which has a curvature perceptible only by educated eyes, and when a wide portion is visible; whilst Mr. Fergusson considers the curves of the stylobate as drainage curves, intended to carry off rain.

These three conjectures are equally at variance, and are still open to the consideration of designers, together with the questions of colour and of the roof and lighting of the naos. The principles which regulate the other variations, as the inclination of the pillars and the entasis, have been well stated by Mr. Penrose, who indeed has throughout the book brought varied acquirements to accompany the details of measurement, which are yet its chief and staple merit.

We think that a clearer mode of expression and a better digest of materials might occasionally have been made; and a want of lucid order and arrangement (as to the text only) is sometimes felt. But whilst it is easy thus briefly to enumerate the points in which architectural knowledge has been advanced, we must add that no description can adequately represent the extent and minuteness of the admeasurements, or the beauty of the drawings, or do full justice to the labour and mechanical difficulty attending their acquisition. Nor are we less called upon to admire the scrupulous honesty and forbearance, which has not strained the fraction of an inch, to honour a theory, but has been content to furnish simple materials, that may form the subject of speculation at another time and place. We have no reason for questioning the expectation of the Dilettanti Society, that this work will not only bear a favourable comparison with its former publications, but that it will be considered a valuable addition to the libraries of all countries where the fine arts are known and studied.

A perfect panic exists in the artistic world at Paris, in consequence of the extraordinary severity which it is reported the Selecting Committees are displaying towards works of all kinds sent in for the approaching annual exhibition at the Palais Royal. Out of 3500 pictures forwarded, it is calculated that only 1000 will be accepted; and it is known that in one single day, out of 400 examined, only 37 were declared worthy of admission. The explanation of this ruthless severity is, that the exhibition will gain in quality what it will lose in quantity. Some such measures of discrimination have long been needed in Paris. The miscellaneous exhibition of bad and indifferent among what is good, has given encouragement to a very mediocre school of painting.

It really seems that the Louvre is at length to be completed. The Prince President has decreed that 1,000,000*l.* sterling shall be set apart for the purpose, and he has appointed a special commission to superintend the works, which are expected to occupy five years, and which are to be executed by M. Visconti. When these are terminated, the Louvre and the Tuileries will be united; and they will together form one of not the least majestic, and certainly the vastest of the public edifices of Europe.

The inhabitants of Amsterdam are about to erect a statue of Rembrandt in that city.

MUSIC.

THE programme of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE made its appearance somewhat suddenly only yesterday. It promises fairly, and exhibits a good array of *artistes* for both opera and ballet—with Balfe conductor, as before. Among the former are Sontag, Ida Bertrand, the two Cruvellis, with a novelty in the person of Mdlle. Joanna Wagner, from Berlin and Vienna, Gardoni, Pardini, Mercuriali, and Calzolari; with Negrini, from the Scala, Belletti again, Ferlotti from Paris, and a Signor Susini, the two Lablaches, Ferranti, and a great card, it is said, in Sig. De Bassini, a baritone. In addition to their usual stock of operas, the management promises a new grand opera, by H.B. the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, called *Casilda*, and an opera by Flotow, entitled *Maria Cerito*, Guy Stephan, Caroline Rosati, and a host of coryphæes, are held out for the ballet. It will open on Tuesday, it seems, with *Maria de Raim* for Ferlotti, and a new Spanish ballet, for Guy Stephan, to be called *El Duende*. It is a bold opening with the same opera as the Italian Theatre.

with the orchestra which the latter has. The public will, however, judge for themselves.

On Wednesday night THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY commenced their series of concerts at Exeter Hall, on a scale and under circumstances which reflect the highest credit on the enterprising firm by whom they have been projected; and we desire to record our testimony to the service thus rendered by Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., to the advancement of musical taste and science. The programme was simple, but striking. Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony. A selection from Glück's *Iphigenia*. Triple concerto in C, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Beethoven. And Weber's overture to *Oberon*, completed the first part. The second, with the exception of a fantasia on the contra-basso by Bottesini, and the concluding overture to *Guillaume Tell*, by Rossini, was devoted exclusively to a dramatic symphony by Hector Berlioz, founded on *Romeo and Juliet*, with English words by George Linley. The orchestra, which numbered some hundred performers or thereabouts, all *artistes* of the highest note and mark on their respective instruments, was conducted by Berlioz himself,—and a finer instrumental array, or one more effectively and powerfully wielded, has rarely assembled within the walls of a concert-room, certainly never approached in Exeter Hall. Every the slightest indication of his baton was obeyed with a sensitiveness on the part of the collective performers, which marked their perfect sympathy with their energetic conductor. This was exemplified throughout, but in nothing so emphatically as in the extraordinary creations of his own singularly gifted mind. The stately symphony of Mozart was magnificently given; perhaps the opening *allegro* was a trifle slow; but that is a matter of taste. The selection from *Iphigenia* was singular in its effect, from the recitative being given by a chorus whose unisonous delivery was very creditable. The quaint passages and grave instrumentation told very forcibly in the accompaniments. The wild clash of the Scythian outbreak was singularly characteristic, and the *à plomb* with which the orchestra struck the concluding note very marked. The concerto of Beethoven was, we presume, selected, not so much as a specimen of his creative power—for it is by no means his best work—but as displaying advantageously the unequalled executive capabilities of Silas, Sivori, and Piatti, the brilliancy of the first, the silvery sweetness of the second, and the exquisite refinement of the third of whom were perhaps never more happily blended. The overture to *Oberon* was finely played. It was applauded to the very echo. Berlioz was enthusiastically cheered at its close.

The second part was devoted to Berlioz himself. It is difficult in the extreme to convey to those who have not heard his music, any idea of what it is like. It is only by comparison one can hope to effect it. It is upon a scale so gigantic, and so daringly erratic, that it is frequently fatiguing to follow it. It is not to be adequately taken in at a first hearing, even by the ablest musician. Combinations which probably never entered into his head, instrumentation that startles him, and harmonies which seem to set ordinary rules at defiance, crowd upon him with a rapidity that baffles any attempt at analysis. To compare it with its parallel in painting, it is as if the respective peculiarities of Martin and of Turner were combined in one, so richly and rapidly burst in upon you, in succession or in combination, every shape and shade of musical colouring; the whole partaking alike of the beauties and defects of the artists above alluded to—exaggeration not unfrequently with him, as with them, defeating its own ends.

To us the music of Hector Berlioz appears like that of a musician who, born before his time, casts upon this age materials gathered in advance from stores with which we are yet unacquainted. To say that it is perfect would simply be to say that it is not human. The vocal portions of his symphony betray in him a decided want of something; melody it can scarcely be, for that abounds in shapes and forms of the greatest refinement throughout

the instrumental portions of it, relieving most artistically its masses of overpowering harmony; but neither Miss Dolby nor Mr. Lockety produced any effect with the solos assigned to them, though, in point of situation, there was ample room for it. They both sang extremely well, and against accompaniments that put their steadiness sorely to the test. Still the whole was singularly effective and attractive. The descriptive character of the music, the opening combats, the chorus, the solitude, the distant revelling, the grand banquet at the Capulets, the balcony scene in the garden, the retreating revellers, the description of *Queen Mab* and her vagaries, and the fine concluding instrumental *finale*, were unlike anything we ever heard. The combination of the brass instruments was perfectly novel. We can quite understand that Berlioz has his detractors and his sceptics. We admit his faults, his shortcomings, and his eccentricities. But we recognise and do homage to his unquestioned genius. Of course *Romeo and Juliet* will be played again.

We feel that the account we have given of the extraordinary production of this extraordinary man may, to those who have not heard his compositions, appear rhapsodical or overcoloured. Our answer is, let those who entertain such an impression go and hear it. There are some things that can only be spoken of in terms of excess. The music of Hector Berlioz is one.

Bottesini wonderstruck and delighted the audience with a fantasia on the contra-basso. The overture to *Guillaume Tell* appropriately closed the evening.

The Hall was filled. The effect of so vast an assemblage, 1500 we understand, all in evening dress, may be imagined. The applause was loud throughout the evening.

At Paris, Adolphe Adam has produced, during the week, a little one-act opera, called the *Farfadet*, at the Opéra Comique,—the words by M. de Planard. It is a charming burlesque—full of fun; and the music is gay, laughing, brilliant,—just what an opéra comique ought to be. M. Adam excels in these merry off-hand little pieces; and the present one is altogether equal to any he has composed. The only other musical novelty of the week is the resumption of *Cenerentola* at the Italian Theatre; but, with the exception of Lablache, it was not very admirably executed. The Grand Opéra is busily preparing Halévy's *Juif Errant*, but it cannot, it is feared, be got ready until after Easter. The friends of the composer speak enthusiastically of the music, and the friends of the theatre say that as a spectacle nothing more brilliant will ever have been seen on any stage. *En attendant* this great work, *William Tell*, *The Prophet*, *The Huguenots*, and now and then a ballet, suffice to fill the house. At the Théâtre National, Duprez's new opera has been curtailed and improved, and seems to be gaining in public favour; but, after all, the success is owing more to his daughter than to himself. Her singing, in the principal character, is admirable.

The accounts of the Royal Opera at Berlin (of which the King of Prussia is the proprietor, and a lieutenant in the guards the manager) show a deficit of 25,000 dollars within the last seven months. The receipts during that time were very large, and the salaries paid to singers rather below the average. The public, who were curious to see 'how the money goes,' have found out that it went in tailors' bills. The gallant manager spent 40,000 dollars per annum for new costumes.

Ertl, a musical instrument maker at Presburg, has invented a guitar with three separate necks, each with six strings. It is asserted that this instrument has a sweet sound, and that it is easy to handle. Another new instrument, a brass bugle, or something of the kind, has been invented by Leobschütz of Olmütz. He calls it a clarifon; its notes are like those of the violoncello.

Nicolai's opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, has made no impression whatever on the public of Vienna, where it was first produced. It is now resolved to add to its interest by a set of recita-

tions to be written by Proch, the author of the 'Alpenhorn.' He is the last man to succeed in such a composition.

It is not perhaps generally known that Hummel, the Weimar composer, has left a son, of whom it is asserted that he, too, is pre-eminent by his musical genius, and especially by his talent for improvisation. Hummel the younger is conductor of the orchestra at Dortmund, in Westphalia.

By her will, the widow of Charles M. von Weber has left the original MSS. of the *Freischütz* and of *Euryanthe* to the Courts of Berlin and Dresden. Weber's unpublished compositions and other MSS., his diaries and correspondence, have, after the death of his widow, been left for publication.

Madame Stoltz has accepted engagements at Lisbon and in the Brazils. Her Brazilian engagement is for ten months, at the price of 120,000 francs. Laboretta, the tenor, has been attached to the Brazilian Emperor's chorus of singers at a salary of 20,000 francs per annum.

Hoffmann von Fallersleben, a German poet, who ruined a fair share of natural gifts by a rash ambition to copy the French poet Béranger, has now for the first time tried his hand on a libretto for an opera. Its title is, *The Two Worlds* (*Die beiden Welten*).

Maria Giovanni, a grand opera in five acts, by the Duke de Litta, has created some sensation at Turin, especially by the surpassing splendour of its scenery. The noble composer is enormously rich; he paid for all the scenes and costumes.

Milan letters state that the latest novelty at the Alla Scala was an opera, *Carlo Magno*, by Eugenio Torriani. The success of the work was complete.

Verdi's operas are producing a miraculous effect at St. Petersburg. The Russians object to all other music.

Francis Liszt has published a grand duo, 'Sur le Marin de Lafont,' for the violin and pianoforte.

THE DRAMA.

IN November, 1838, Paris was on the alert. A new drama was to be performed at the *Salle Ventadour*, and the trumpets which preluded its success were loud and triumphant. The drama was *Ruy Blas*. It was written by Victor Hugo—a greater name in 1838 than in 1852; and the hero was performed by Frédéric Lemaître—a greater name and a greater actor in 1838 than in 1852. The success responded in some degree to the expectation. *Ruy Blas* has ever since been to us an object of curiosity, and Mr. Mitchell, who has given us so many pleasant evenings at the little theatre in St. James's-street, earned fresh gratitude by announcing Hugo's drama. Alas! alas! we had a vision of our own—oh! why did Fate destroy it! *Ruy Blas*, so piquant to read, is inexpressibly wearisome on the stage; the literary qualities, the epigram and bright scintillating *mots*, which one notices on the printed page, fall cold, flat, lifeless on the ear when spoken by the actors. How much is the fault of the actors, and how much is inherent in the nature of the work, we cannot say; but a heavy, listless, monotony of talk was only varied by explosions of rant and dismal sallies. Victor Hugo tells us in vain that we may see the three supreme forms of art personified in his play—"in *Don Salluste*, the drama; in *Don César*, the comedy; in *Ruy Blas*, the tragedy. The drama weaves the thread, the comedy entangles it, the tragedy cuts it." All which is very epigrammatic and mysterious; but does not make the play amusing. He further tells us that the "philosophic interest of *Ruy Blas* is that of the people aspiring to the highest regions; the human interest is that of a man loving a woman; the dramatic interest is that of a lackey loving a queen." To which we reply,—unhappily *Ruy Blas* has no interest at all, philosophic, human, nor dramatic! The performance of Lemaître was a surprise to us; he threw his arms about with a prodigality of gesticulation which was in keeping when he played *Pailleasse*; but was burlesque in a serious character. Clarisse played with great feeling. Those who saw *Ruy*

Blas will do well to 'wash the taste out of their mouths' by seeing Frédéric in *Robert Macaire*, wherein he is unapproachable!

Except the *début* of Mrs. Temple, as *Lydia Languish*, at the OLYMPIC, there has been no novelty this week. Indeed, managers are now all occupied with their Easter pieces. The LYCEUM closes this week, in order to have more ample rehearsals of its new piece, which, we hear, is of a totally different kind to anything yet attempted in England, and is to be 'got up' with a splendour unexampled even at that theatre. The PRINCESS has lost the Keeleys, and, consequently, Mr. Tom Taylor has to re-write the Easter piece originally accepted at that house in order to fit the present company. At the HAYMARKET, the Brothers Brough are active, and great preparations are being made at the ADELPHI, it is said, with the result of Mr. Webster's visit to Paris. Of the OLYMPIC we hear nothing; but, of course, Mr. Farren is not idle.

The junior Dumas's sentimental drama, *La Dame aux Camélias*, has brought upwards of 4000*l.* to the treasury of the theatre in the first thirty nights, and its popularity still continues unabated. It is being performed with extraordinary success at Lyons, Lille, Amiens, Rouen, and Strasburg, and there is not a theatre in all France which will not, sooner or later, bring it out also. As the author receives a considerable percentage on the gross receipts for every night's performance at every theatre, a hit like this suffices to bring in a little fortune. It is no wonder, then, that M. Scribe, who has had innumerable such successes with his *vaudevilles*, should be a *millionnaire*.

The Cirque National of Paris has given the grand 'legend' of *Saint Genévieve* (the patron saint of Paris), in five acts and fifteen tableaux. It is by M. Latour de Saint Ybars, the author of one or two tragedies; and it possesses more literary merit than is generally to be found in dramas in which horses figure. M. Latour is, we believe, the first dramatist who, after having figured at the Théâtre Français, has descended to the Parisian Astley's. At the Ambigu, a five-act melodrama, called *Sarah la Créole*, by Decourcelles and Jaime, is being played with success. The heroine is a stupendous monster of crime, even for a melodrama, and the incidents are extra-horrible and extra-improbable. The Gymnase has given a little comedy, entitled, *la Marquise de la Brèche*, by Melesville and Carmouche; but these experienced dramatists have done much better, with less immorality. A pleasant little dramatic sketch, by Barrière and Lorin, has been produced with success at the same house, under the title, *Le Piano de Berthe*.

Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, have been produced in the Vaudeville theatre at Cologne.

Herr Herrmann Grimm, son to William, and nephew to Jacob Grimm, has published his first drama, *Arnim*.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Athens, March 10th.

ANY one unacquainted with the modern history of Greece will be surprised, on his arrival at the Piræus, to find it a pleasing little town, the snow-white, and for the most part good-looking, houses of which, surround the spacious harbour, forming also several back streets; whilst the harbour itself contains a great many vessels of various sizes, among which are at present three or four French men-of-war, two Russian, and one English, besides steamers. The ground rises more or less behind the town, and thence, in an easterly direction, the world-renowned Acropolis comes to view, ornamented with the remains of temples, which even now command the admiration of posterity. A broad macadamised road leads towards it. On a lower hill, but in the same direction, is seen the observatory, a modern building, erected a few years ago by a private individual; and shortly afterwards appears, north of the Acropolis, the town of Athens. On nearing this place you see on the right-hand side, close to the road, the scarcely in-

jured Temple of Theseus, at present arranged as a museum of more or less mutilated statues and bas-reliefs. The town contains about 25,000 inhabitants, and is entered by a straight street, called Hermes-street, crossed midway by another equally straight, named Æolus-street. The first part consists, generally speaking, of unimportant houses and workshops, but in the second part, also in the Æolus-street, are very good shops, although not of a very showy exterior. At the southern extremity of Æolus-street, where the ascent to the Acropolis commences, is still an ancient circular building, the remains of the Temple of Æolus; but before approaching it, you pass the market-place, a collection of booths, where everything in the shape of eatables, clothing, &c., may be had. In the immediate vicinity are cavalry barracks, and several ancient ruins. Excepting the above-named streets, and Minerva-street, which runs parallel with Hermes-street, all the others are a perfect maze, generally crooked, and badly paved. The three just mentioned are, on the contrary, well paved, having a foot pavement on either side, much to the comfort of pedestrians. In the second part of Hermes-street is seen at a short distance, on elevated ground, the royal palace, behind which the Hymettus raises its crown. Right and left of the palace, even at a considerable distance, numerous new houses have been erected, mostly pleasing to look at, and several may be called splendid; their situation, however, is in apparent disorder, for, although belonging to various streets, these streets only exist, properly speaking, as yet on the plan of Athens, and not in reality. Among the new buildings, north of the palace, stands also the University, and among those south of the Palace, the English Episcopal Church, with a neat interior. The Psalms and Hymns are sung by several Greek girls, trained for the purpose, accompanied by a fine-toned organ. This church is the only Gothic edifice in Athens, or even in the whole of Greece. The palace is a large square building, the lower portion of Pentelic marble. Its pure white forms a splendid contrast with the generally clear dark blue sky of Greece. The saloons of the palace are adorned by splendid *fresco* paintings and marble columns, and appear most enchanting when illuminated, on grand occasions, by thousands of wax lights on dazzling chandeliers and candelabra, and filled by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, who in tasteful European attire, in rich Greek costume and brilliant uniforms, dance or promenade therein. The exterior of this building, however, is a failure, the windows being too small and too far apart. The observation has been made, and not without reason, that the German architect ought to blush for having placed such an abortion in the very sight of the Parthenon and the Propylæa. The palace gardens are delightful, and contain a large kiosk, formed of shrubs and creepers, with an antique inlaid mosaic ground, discovered on the spot. Thousands of young orange and lemon-trees adorn these gardens among a variety of other vegetation, and as they grow in years, the beauty of the scene will be enhanced. A striking effect has a plain colonnade, covered with creepers, placed in such a manner that the sixteen remaining splendid columns of the Temple of Jupiter, although distant nearly a mile, seem to stand at its extremity. It is said that the queen planned this Paradise, and she certainly displayed much taste. Close to this temple flows the Ilyssus, but even in winter its waters are narrow and shallow. The gate of Adrian is also situated on this side.

On ascending the Acropolis for the first time, and on approaching the Propylæa, the surprise at finding so many more remains of ancient glory than I had expected, added to the remembrance of men who, so many centuries back, had visited this consecrated spot, in whose thoughts these splendid edifices had first taken origin, and had since been erected by their superior talent, filled my mind with a feeling of awe past description. As seen from the town, these remains appear insignificant, but, on a nearer approach, they make a sublime impression. Almost at the top of the hill is a broad flight of forty-two steps, which have been dis-

encumbered and repaired in modern times. Having ascended them, you find yourself among the Propylæa, gigantic columns of the Doric order, the superb workmanship of which has been sufficiently spared by the ravages of time and of war, to enable one to judge of its original beauties. Across an open court, you go in a slanting direction, surrounded on all sides by ruins, to the remains of the Parthenon, which has not been altogether despoiled of its bas-reliefs; and north of the Parthenon are the rich remains of the Erechtheum, in which a centre wall still plainly indicates the partition of the two temples. In later years, much of this building has been repaired, and the fallen pieces of marble belonging to the south-eastern wall have been replaced. The Caryatides have likewise been restored. They are fine, indeed, but only eight feet in height, not twenty-five, as sometimes stated.

The view on all sides from the top of the Acropolis is splendid. At your feet lies Athens in the north and northwest, with its fields, botanical gardens, vineyards, olive-groves, &c., in its extensive plain, bordered by mountains. To the north-east you behold Mount Lycabettus, and some tops of the Pentelic mountains. To the east, Mount Hymettus, and south, the sea, with Cape Sunium in the distance. To the south-west and west, port Phalerus and the once again busy Piræus. Little is seen of the abandoned port Munychea, being hid behind the hills of the Phalerus. On this side are many cornfields. Lower down is seen the hill of the Areopagus: but nearly all the remains of this building, as also of the Pnyx, have been destroyed. A few vaults are shown, which are said to have been the prison of Socrates. The Cephissus runs through the above-mentioned olive-groves and vineyards, but is not broader than a common ditch, and its course is led by mud walls, which surround numerous gardens and vineyards. Although so narrow, the current, now, is strong. In summer time this river, as well as the Ilyssus, is nearly dried up. Close to the temple of Jupiter, and in an easterly direction, a protestant burial place has been lately erected.

The east side of Æolus-street is continued towards the north, by a row of fine houses, to which the Hôtels d'Angleterre and d'Orient belong. They are the two best, and may be considered truly excellent. From these hotels you have a view over best part of the lower town, the theatre, the above-mentioned mountains, fields, and olive-groves, enlivened by white dwellings scattered here and there, of which many are handsome—for instance, that belonging to Prince Soutzo. In consequence of their low position, these spots, however, are considered unhealthy, and the olive groves, so pleasing at a distance, on a close inspection have little beauty to recommend them. They resemble the Dutch stumpy willow tree, in shape as well as in the form and colour of its leaves. Moreover, these trees are planted too far apart ever to give a continued shady walk. Part of the road to the Piræus runs through similar plantations, and on each side Canadian poplars have also been planted, which are as yet low in growth. Past the Hôtel d'Angleterre the road leads towards a village a mile and a half distant, called Patissia. On this road are two or three public gardens where refreshments may be had; also, about midway, an entirely open tent, under which a military band plays on Sunday afternoon. The king and queen on horseback generally listen awhile, among a number of spectators on foot, on horseback, as well as in carriages. Three miles past Patissia is another village, called Heraclia; it is inhabited entirely by Germans, for whom it was expressly formed a few years ago. Though busily engaged in agriculture, their actual position is not a prosperous one.

There exists no town perhaps which, in proportion to its population, contains so many churches as Athens, but all are small and unimportant, except three or four, now in course of erection.

The voyage to Athens is at present neither difficult nor expensive. In four or five days the German railways bring you from Ostend to Trieste. Thence six steamers start monthly—viz., one weekly, and

Syra; and one every fortnight, *via* the Gulf of Lepanto. In each case the voyage lasts six or seven days. The latter opportunity seems to me the preferable one; besides avoiding the troublesome navigation round the cape Matapan, you have the gratification of touching at several places, and even of going on shore—viz., at Ancona, Brindisi, Corfu, Zante, Patras, and Vostizza. Landing at a hamlet called Lutraki, you travel per diligence across the Isthmus of Corinth, and embark in a steamer awaiting your arrival, which conveys you on to Piræus.

J. H.

VARIETIES.

Picture Sale.—Messrs. Christie and Manson sold yesterday a small collection of Water-Colour Drawings, the property of a gentleman of eminent taste; among which *Flint Castle*, by Turner, of cabinet size, sold for 152l. 5s.; *The Town Hall of Courtray*, a large and fine picture, by Haghe, 220l. 10s.; and *The Sebel, or Watering Place, Cairo*, by the same artist, 178l. 10s.; a *Fête Champêtre in the time of Charles II.*, a fine picture, by F. Taylor, sold for 210l.; a *Lesson on the Pipes*, a much smaller but choice specimen, by the same artist, 68l. 5s.; and a fine pair, by the same, *The Tired Soldier*, 94l. 10s.; and *The Blind Piper*, 105l.; a *Corn Field, Canterbury in the Distance*, by De Wint, 68l. 10s.; *Baidon Tower*, by D. Cox, 31l. 10s.; *Going to the Hayfield*, by the same artist, 51l. 9s.; and *Windsor Castle*, by the same, 22l.; two small-sized drawings, by Stanfield, *Cologne*, 44l. 2s.; and *Pécamp, Normandy*, 52l. 10s.; two, about the same size, by Roberts, *Scenes in the Alhambra*, 28l. 10s. and 27l. 10s.; *Sheep*, a small gem, by T. S. Cooper, 31l. 10s.; the *Langdale Pikes*, small size, by Copley Fielding, 26l. 10s.; *Old English Hospitality*, by Cattermole, 25l. 10s.; and three excellent small pictures by Hunt, *A Negro Boy*, 30l. 9s.; *A Weary Traveller*, 24l. 3s.; and *A Boy blowing Bladders*, 21l. 10s. The oil pictures, belonging to the same collection, including some excellent specimens by Lee and Cooper, Hart, Cooke, Roberts, Wilkie, Rembrandt, &c., will be sold to-day.

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